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[Written for the CHICAGO FIELD.]

Camp Life Memories.

BY JOHN J. BROMPTON.

No. 17.—A SPIRITED CHASE.

As royal sport, and jolly fun,
In waters blue, and woodlands green,
With horn and hound and rod and gun,
I trow I've had, as e'er was seen.

About this time our prospects for fun were enhanced by the arrival of Dr. Bailey, Jas. Addington and their negro cook. The doctor is one of the most enthusiastic disciples of Nimrod I ever knew.

It was on the second day after his arrival he came striding into camp, betraying, by the hectic flush on his cheeks and the unwonted sparkle in his eyes, unmistakable symptoms of excitement.

It so happened that I was the only one in camp.

"Ah, Doctor, there's blood in your eye! What can I do for you?"

"I want the hound; I've wounded a buck."

"Where is he hit?"

"In the lungs, I judge, by the color and quantity of the blood."

"He bled freely?"

"Yes; a great splash of blood marks almost every jump for a hundred yards or so, then it seems to have stopped suddenly, or I lost the trail."

Having charged my Sharp's rifle and put a round of ammunition in my pocket during this colloquy, I leashed the hound to my belt and we started for the bloody trail.

Ah! that knowing hound. The nature of the business in hand none knew better than he. How eager he was. What trials and tribulations I endured for his sake. While I would be stepping over a log, he would dive under it; and though I was in a hurry, I often found myself in a sitting posture, or leaning against a tree, while the hound insisted on leaning against its opposite side. When we came on the trail his excitement was so intense my best efforts were required to hold him.

"Let's hold a council o' war," said the doctor, gladly assented.

"It's my opinion that the deer is dead," the doctor resumed; "and, if so, the question arises, what will the hound do when he comes on to it?"

"He'll approach it with bristles erect, and tail drooping, smell of it cautiously, and, after having decided by a sort of coroner's inquest, that it is a dead deer, he'll lick the bullet wound and come back to us," said I.

"While we'll be none the wiser," added the doctor.

"I have it!" the doctor resumed. "Give me your gun. Now put on your gloves."

I did as requested.

"Now unfasten the dog-chain from your belt; take it in your hand, and make him 'slow-trail' until we come on to it."

This plan, seemingly feasible, was acquiesced in with alacrity. It sometimes happens, however, that there is a vast difference between the theoretical and the practical.

I am sorry that, on this occasion, I could not see myself as the doctor saw me. I think a circumstance somewhat similar must have prompted Burns' aspiration for the power to see ourselves as others see us. For the want of such a gift many an opportunity for a healthful laugh is frittered away, unimproved.

The start was fair. We got over the first ten rods quite as well as could be expected under the circumstances. But soon little unpleasant mishaps began to happen. Both hands were required to hold my end of the chain. The trail led into a thicket where there were many fallen trees; and, first, I lost my hat; next I got a bloody nose; then a rent in my pants; the next thing I missed was a lock of hair. But my blood was up and I continued to follow my leader—until a forked stick, catching above my instep, threw me on the ground with such violence that a little expletive (which begins and ends thus, d—n,) inadvertently escaped my lips.

We had come to blood, and the hound bellowed and pulled on the chain so that I found it inconvenient to get up. We had left the doctor many rods behind. I yelled for help. The hound bayed and surged for freedom. I was certainly very nearly exhausted when I heard the doctor forcing his way through the brush. I have not fully forgiven him for the deliberate way in which he lay down his guns, and then with a hand braced on each knee, while the tears ran down his cheeks, he, between heartless ha! ha's! shouted: "Hold 'em!"

"Unbuckle his collar and let the brute go!" I exclaimed wrath-

fully. This brought the doctor to his senses. He unleashed the dog, and now—

He scents the blood and onward flies,
With longer leaps and louder cries,
Till faintly comes the welcome sound
Of stag at bay and baying hound.

Trusting the hound to hold the buck at bay, we left the trail and started in a direct line for the baying hound; but long ere we had time to overtake them the deer turned tail, and the chase was renewed. In the meantime I had lost sight of the doctor. I pushed forward, however, guided by the voice of the loud-mouthed hound, whose cries came back fainter and fainter still, until they became lost in the indistinguishable murmurs of the woods.

I paused, and tried in vain to catch the faintest murmur from the pursuing hound. I could only hear the

Primeval woodlands, old and noary,
In whispers soft recount their story
Of ages past, of ages olden,
When time was young and life was golden.

I sat down to rest and to meditate. The result of my meditation was not comforting. I had left my coat at camp, and my compass was in one of its many pockets; hence, I was hatless and coatless. I had neither tomahawk nor matches, and but two rounds of ammunition.

The sky was overcast, and I had some misgivings as to what direction I was from camp.



THE CHAMPION FIELD TRIAL WINNER JOE JR.

"What fools!" I thought; "If we had only stuck to the trail, we might have had better luck."

But hark!

Once more a sound floats on the gale!
A slaving tongue sends back a wail!
And nearer, clearer, comes the cry,
As swiftly down the swell they fly.

Hope put on her blindest smile. Expectation was on tip-toe. I bit a plug of tobacco fiercely to drive away an incipient attack of "buck-ague."

As the moments dragged their weary lengths along, I listened impatiently for the doctor's gun. But here they come in gallant style—the hound 200 yards behind. He may have been hit in the brisket, but in the lungs—never. "It may be another deer," I said to myself, as, taking aim as best I could, I fired just as he was about to disappear behind some fallen trees. I saw no more of him after I had shot, and hoped to find him killed clean. The hound, however, soon convinced me of my error; he paused not but redoubled his outcries as if inspired by the scent of recent blood. In a few minutes the hound came back to me with blood on his nose, ears, back and fore-legs. He wagged his tail complacently, and seemed to say: "I've gathered 'em in!"

But, to conclude this chapter, that is all I know about the result.

I had some trouble in finding camp that evening, but I will not bother the reader about it now, further than to say, it was a little late when I put in an appearance; but it's better-late, I assure him, than never.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Indian Whiskey Traders.

BY J. H. BATTY.

The Indian whiskey trade originated with the French in New Orleans.

They settled Louisiana in 1699, and many of the southern and western states in the seventeenth century. The traders first bartered whiskey with other stores, and began trading with the southern Indian tribes, such as the Creeks, Cherokees, Choctaws, and Chickasaws.

They soon found that the Indian's passion for whiskey approached madness, and as it proved the most profitable stock, larger quantities were taken annually, and the trade increased rapidly.

The French traders were energetic men, and seeing a rich harvest before them, fitted out the first "flat boats" that plied the mighty Mississippi. Their explorations were gradually carried further into the interior until the head of navigation was reached on the Arkansas, Ohio, and Missouri rivers.

Each of these rivers had many trading stations on their banks, where the Indians camped and waited anxiously for the traders' boats. For many years these traders were treated kindly and respected by the Indians. They often went inland from the stations, with ponies heavily packed with goods, remaining for weeks, visiting and trading with the different bands.

Many traders took squaws as wives, to get the good will of the Indians, and increase trade. These Indian wives remained with their tribes, when the traders were absent from the Indian country. Some of these French bigamists had three and four families among the Indians, in addition to their white wife and children at home.

A few of the half-breed children were educated, others lived as Indians, and became useful to their fathers, increasing trade by their influence. At that time there was no restriction, any one could fit out and trade with the Indians with great profit. The result was, that the number of Indian traders rapidly increased, and they accumulated fortunes.

The Indian traders flourished for over a century, and did a "rushing" business until 1867. At the present time, squaw men, Mexicans, French half-breeds, trappers, and buffalo hunters are the whiskey traders.

The trade is now conducted "on the sly," but it is easily managed, as the Indians eagerly visit the traders in any remote place where they may locate. The squaw men furnish more whiskey to the Indians than any other class of traders, though, nowadays, the frontier soldier often makes a "stake" by trading a single bottle.

Outfits were made up at all the larger frontier towns, but the regular depots were St. Paul, Fort Garry, Fort Benton, Bismarck, Denver and Santa Fe. Fifteen years ago the Red River country was a rich field for the whiskey trade. A Connecticut boy of seventeen left St. Paul with two barrels of whiskey and a few other articles of trade. He returned from the Red River of the North with quite a caravan.

The next season he employed new drivers and purchased more teams, took a large stock and reaped a rich harvest. He said "If I had saved my money I could have made a fortune in three years."

In '74 there were several large whiskey camps among the northern Indians. They were fitted out at Fort Benton (probably at night), and the traders made their way several hundred miles from civilization and into the heart of the Indian country where they could trade with and rob the Indians without interference.

Many whiskey traders are found over the line (49th parallel) on British territory. In August '74 there was a large whiskey camp in the province of Saskatchewan. This camp was composed of Indian lodges which were used to conceal its true character. It was run by three desperadoes of mixed Indian and Mexican blood. They had been in the field but a short time, and had 360 Indian ponies, besides peltries, trappings and arms. Each of the proprietors carried a Winchester rifle, two revolvers and a bowie knife.

Indian traders deal only in Indian whiskey. It is a mixture of alcohol and other stupefying ingredients, and in traders parlance "It will knock an Injun stiff," and that is all that is desired, as the Indians become "dead drunk" before they have time to be quarrelsome.

An Indian will give anything he possesses for strong drink, and I have known several to trade away their squaws for whiskey. When the liquor is obtained it is swallowed at once, and the quicker the drinker becomes insensible the better he is gratified.

New Utrecht, L. I.

The Horse.

A Great Breeding Establishment.

THE COBHAM STUD.

Nearly six years have elapsed since the death of Mr. Blenkiron was followed by the dispersal of the stud of stallions and brood mares which he had expended so much time, judgment and money in collecting at Middle Park. By universal consent it was admitted that the Middle Park stud was the best, as it probably was the largest, ever formed in this country, and its break up was regarded as something like a national calamity. This was an exaggerated view to hold, beyond all doubt, for what Mr. Blenkiron had done at Middle Park might be effected by others elsewhere, and as a matter of fact the Cobham stud, so largely recruited from the Kentish pastures, has already taken the place once occupied by Middle Park. This, the Stud Company, had its origin in the dispersal of the Kentish *haras*; for while the newspapers were many of them bewailing the probable purchase by foreign breeders of the best stallions and mares at Middle Park, a few gentlemen, instead of wasting their time in fruitless lamentations, joined forces to buy what was best worth having, and so form the nucleus of another stud. It was in consequence of this understanding that Mr. Coupland, the present master of the Quorn, and one or two others, bid boldly at Mr. Blenkiron's sale, securing some of the choicest mares, and giving the then unprecedented price of 12,500 *gs.* for Blair Athol. The acquisition of this stallion was looked upon as an achievement of no mean kind, and Mr. Tattersall—resembling the late Admiral Ross in this, and only in this, that he is very prone to exaggerate the qualities of the horse with which he has to do at the moment—promptly congratulated the buyers upon having secured “the best horse in the world.” The value of this congratulation was, however, somewhat lessened when upon Gladiateur being led into the ring a few minutes afterwards, the auctioneers observed that some people considered him to be the best horse in the world. There can be no doubt, however, that whether as a racer or a sire Blair Athol was by far the better of the two, and though 12,500 *gs.* seemed a long price to pay for him, he must by his time have recovered his purchase money, while he is so sound and

healthily that he probably has many years yet to live. The gentlemen who had made these investments at Middle Park then constituted themselves into a limited company, and the first step was to hire some land at Cobham, a village about five miles from the Esher station of the South Western Railway, and upon the high road to Guildford. Your readers will not need to be told that the surrounding scenery is remarkable for its varied beauty, even in so picturesque a county as Surrey; but what will seem more to the purpose is the statement that the land, comprising about 150 acres of pasturage, is very dry and healthy, and that a few spots more favorable for the rearing of stock could have been selected. It was to Cobham that the purchases made at Middle Park and elsewhere were transferred, and the stud was placed under the management of Mr. Bell, whose practical knowledge of horses, partly acquired during his own experience as a breeder, has never been called into question. Large as had been the first purchases of the embryonic Stud Company, they were added to soon afterwards, and as in many cases the mares had foals at their feet, the first yearling sale was held in the following Summer, the result being that 83 colts and fillies averaged 4-4 guineas each, the total amount realized being 13,340 guineas. The next season (1874) the same number of yearlings averaged less by nearly a fourth, but matters mended again in 1875, as 38 yearlings averaged 411 guineas each. The sales of the two last seasons have not been quite so favorable, for in 1876 the average was only 379 guineas for 41 yearlings, while last Summer 54 yearlings by far the largest number offered since the formation of the stud, were sold for 20,160 guineas, or an average of 373 guineas each. Still, putting all these results together, and taking into consideration the fact that the stallions, independent of the mares belonging to the company, which they have covered, have earned something like £15,000 in the shape of service money, it would seem as if the enterprise is a remunerative one, and I see the statement put forth officially that dividends of 10 per cent. have been paid upon the shares. The expenses, however, must be very large, and the item for the interest upon the money invested, to say nothing of the cost of maintenance, will be found to take a good deal of earning, for at the present time the company has at Cobham six stallions and eighty-eight brood mares. Two of these stallions, Blue Gown and George Frederick, are not absolutely owned by the Stud Company, having been leased, the former from the Union Club of Berlin, and the latter from Mr. Cartwright; but, putting the whole together, it will be no exaggerated estimate that these ninety-four animals cost the company, upon an average, 600 gs. each. This represents a total of nearly £50,000, and the interest upon this must be calculated with due regard to the fact that these stallions and mares will become less valuable year by year, and that in the end they will be worth the value of their hides.

the value of their blood.

Blair Athol, by Stockwell out of Blink Bonny, by Melbourne out of Queen Mary; Blue Gown, by Headsman out of Bas Bleu; and George Frederick, by Maryas out of Princess of Wales, by Stockwell out of The Bloomer, are all Derby winners; and of the three other stallions—Caterer, Carnival, and Wild Oats—one at least might have achieved that feat had he remained sound. This was Carnival, by Sweetwet out of Volatile, by Buckthorn out of Jocosse, who belonged to Mr. Naylor, and was the same age as Macaroni, the Derby from Lord Clifden. Caterer, by Stockwell out of Selina, by Orlando out of the Ladye of Silverkeld Well, was also the property of Mr. Naylor; but though he was a fairly good racehorse, he has not been very successful at stud. Wild Oats, by Wild Dayrell out of Golden Horn, was never completely trained, for he was so big a two-year-old that he could not be hurried in his work, but even with this disadvantage he proved himself to be a racehorse of high character. One of his fore-legs gave way when he was being trained for his three-year-old engagements, but there is no reason why he should not prove a useful stud horse. Not only is he well bred, but he is a very grand animal to look at, standing seventeen hands, and having as strong bone as could be desired. Hitherto, however, the stock of Wild Oats has not been in any way remarkable, but now that he is at Cobham, and mated with some of the best brood mares in the world, he will be given an opportunity of making his mark. Six of the yearlings which will be sold next June are by this sire, and two or three of them struck me as being likely to develop into horses of some character. With reference to the yearlings which will be sold next June, I may remark that nineteen are by Blair Athol, nine by Carnival, eight by George Frederick (the first of whose produce will be got this Summer), and six by Wild Oats, but none of Blue Gown's get will be sold at Cobham until next year, for he was only imported from Prussia in the early part of 1877 and the mares which he then covered are now throwing their first foals by him. In addition to these forty-two yearlings by the four sires belonging to the company there are fifteen others by sires of high repute—such as Doncaster, Galopin, Favonius, and King of the Forest—and the yearlings by the two former will be, as is the case with those by George Frederick, the first which have come to the hammer. A somewhat singular coincidence this, for the three horses in question won the Derby in three successive years (1873, 1874, and 1875), the reason why their first produce are all yearlings in the same season being that Doncaster was kept in training until he was a five-year-old, while George Frederick did not run after his fourth year, and Galopin was sent to the stud at the expiration of his three-year-old career. It is no province of mine to dwell in detail upon the yearlings which I saw during my visit to Cobham, but I cannot help saying that they are a very healthy and promising lot, possessed of more bone and substance than many teams which I have seen sold during the last few years, and some of the crosses selected seem to be very happy.

I do not know that you would care for a complete list of the eighty-eight brood mares which are now located at Cobham, for the list would occupy too much space, and I will merely mention the most celebrated amongst them. These, taking them in alphabetical order, are Armada, by Buccaneer out of Lady Chesterfield (by Stockwell), and her daughter Belia (by Breddalbane); Circe, by Daudee, out of Magic, (by Melbourne), whose yearlings generally fetch high prices, though none of them have distinguished themselves; Colmbra, by Kingston out of Calcevia (by Birdcatcher), whose produce have averaged a thousand guineas each for the last five years; Crinon, by Newminster out of Margery Daw by Brochet, who is a young mare, and who was bought for 1,500 gs. when a yearling; Curacao, by The Cure out of Tasmania, by Melbourne; Ladylike (the dam of Rosebery) by Newminster out of Protection (by Defence), who is the dam of Crinon (as alluded to above), of See-Saw, and of Ecossais; Molly Carew, by Wild Dayrell out of Alma (by Flatcatcher); Maid of Perth, by Scottish Chief out of Lady Dot (by The Cnre); Masquerade, by Lambourne out of Burlesque (by Touchstone), who is the dam of Highland Fling and Strathfleet; Madame Eglantine, by Cowl of Diversion (by Defence), the dam of the well known sire Rosicrucian; Papoose, by Newminster out of The Squaw (by Robert de Gorham), who cost the Stud Company 1,600 gs., and whose yearlings have generally sold well, like as any of them have done afterwards; Reghinella, by King Tom out of Flax (by Surplice), who is half-sister to Lord Falmouth's famous mare Queen Bertha; Rose of Kent, by Kingston out of England's Beauty (by Birdcatcher); and Vergie-mien-icht, by The Flying Dutchman out of Forget-me-not (by Hetman Flattoff, whose produce have sold well since Lord Falmouth's Lady Love, by Macaroni out of this mare, ran so well upon the turf three

or four seasons ago. These sixteen mares are, in my opinion, the pick of the stud, though there is not much to choose between some of them and a few others which might be named but for want of space. Ten of the sixteen here named are *vis.* Armada, Circe, Colmbra, Crinon, Lucy Bertram, Margery Daw, Molly Carew, Papoose, Reginald, and Rose of Kent, were among the purchases of the Stud Company at Middle Park, where they bought, in addition to the stallions Blair Athol and Maryana, thirty-one brood mares, for a total of 15,100 guineas. A great many of these have since died or been weeded out, but nineteen of them still still remain at Cobham. The other brood mares have been purchased right and left, whenever an opportunity offered, and in this way the number of mares has been raised to a total which it will probably not be prudent to exceed.—ATHLETIC, in *Live Stock Journal and Fancier's Gazette*.

Racing Notes from England.

(From our Resident Correspondent).

LONDON, March 14, 1878.

The gathering, technically known among turfites as the Croydon March Meeting, rests now with the things of the past. It would be well if it could be entirely forgotten, for as far as the "big event" it was indeed a farce and a very sorry one. With the exception of the Grand International Hurdle Race, the sport was hardly of sufficient merit or interest to be intruded into these columns. Suffice it to say that the second day of the meeting commenced with the Addecombe steeple chase, in which Mr. Quarley's sashorite defeated Lockhart and Swift. Mr. Betts won the Hunter's steeple chase with Dutch Sam and the Duke of Hamilton, the selling hurdle race with Donica. Whether the extraordinary crowds of visitors which thronged the track be attributable to the increased interest in this "Grand International" specially or the growing fondness for the national sport generally, it is not easy to decide, but certain it is that never before was Croydon race course so densely tenanted. The rows of carriages, drays, dog carts, creaks, cabs, carts, and other items of locomotion were more like unto that which one would expect to find at Epsom or a Derby, or an Oaks day than skirting a Metropolitan "jumping track." The foot people were literally in their thousands, though the weather was dull, bleak and otherwise uninviting. Whether Gordie Anderson, the parliamentary muf, who lately failed in his paltry endeavors to shut up racing in the vicinity of London, was among the gathering or not, I am unaware; if he was, his utter insignificance must for once have been palpable, even to himself. Fourteen out of ninety-eight original turned out of the paddock, but this was scarce so many as had been expected from the unusually heavy list of acceptance on the publication of the weights. Sugarloaf and Heeper were the first to show, being closely followed by Whitebait, Royal Oak II, Northstar, Prodigal and Ignition in the order named, the remainder of the field joining their horses at short intervals. The track was so thickly packed that it was with considerable difficulty sufficient room could be made for the orthodox preliminary. In this when it did come off Miss Fizzle led the van; her form did not please the cognoscenti. Heeper and the two Hibernian quods gave most satisfaction, Clonave especially performing so brilliantly as to prove his utter contempt for the adamantine condition of the course. The good-looking Jupiter Tonans also went in capital style, skimming a trial hurdle like a tennis ball; Mr. Beasley rode him, too, in his best style, and though it did not prove his day out, he gave proof enough to all who would so understand that he will one day land a big thing. Heeper continued to hold the pride of place in the betting till the starter's flag announced the start; the price being six to four, Woodcock at five came a capital second favorite, being supported at that price and half a point less to win many sacks of coin. As stated before there were fifteen starters (four less than last year when Scamp won) and they all got off well together at the first attempt. The favorite was not conspicuous for some distance, but it was afterwards evident he had been making a strict waiting race of it, for when the proper time arrived he emerged from the rank and leaving his horses like taking root was landed by Cannon, the easiest of winners, in a common canter, hands down and ears pricked as they say, by ten lengths. The Machell-Lonsdale confederacy had made no mistake, and for once in way all Newmarket was right on declaring that Heeper could not possibly lose. For his first public exhibition in the jumping line he would appear to be a shining light. His education has been, be it remembered, conducted in a very clever school, so that the result surprised nobody. The real surprise of the race was in two such rank outsiders as Ignition and Royal Oak II to run into the place. Both of them started at the extreme outside price of fifty to one each. It may be as well, however, to observe that Woodcock had he only been ridden out, must have finished second in the race, but finding he could, not actually win his jockey deliberately pulled him out of a place which he literally held. He thought no doubt to improve the horse back in the betting for the Liverpool Grand National but the trick was performed in too clumsy a style. The public who backed Woodcock for a "situation" are naturally highly indignant at such a palpable piece of quavery and it would but have served Mr. Jones, who rode him, rightly if the "lambs" had ducked him in the water jump or even worried him like they would a pickpocket, a Welsher or any other vagabond.

New York's Great Horse Sale.

The great combination sale of trotting stock took place as announced at the American Institute building, on March 27 and 28. Fifty lots were disposed of on Wednesday and sixty three on Thursday. The average prices fetched by the horses were larger than on the first day and the grand affair terminated very satisfactorily to the sellers. No single horse brought as much as Kentucky Prince (\$10,700); but Beau-rie, a bay stallion six years old, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, dam Lady Bach, by Hiram Drew, sold for \$5,150; King Phillip, a bay stallion eight years old, by Jay Gould, dam Lady Rogers, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, brought \$2,900, and Inheritor, a bay colt, by Jay Gould, dam Lucy, by George M. Patchen, \$1,350. The total amount of the sales was \$23,555, an average of \$554.27. The total sales of the two days were \$51,425, and the average of the ninety-three head sold \$552.95. The following is a list of the horses disposed of whom purchased and the prices fetched:

No.	Name	Age	Sex	Color	Sire	Dam	By	Price
1	Beau-rie	6	Stallion	Bay	Rysdyk's Hambletonian	Lady Bach	Hiram Drew	\$5,150
2	King Phillip	8	Stallion	Bay	Jay Gould	Lady Rogers	Rysdyk's Hambletonian	\$2,900
3	Inheritor		Colt	Bay	Jay Gould	Lucy	George M. Patchen	\$1,350

Landseer, b s, 7 years old, by Mambrino Patchen, dam Luna, by Swigert's Lexington, to D. G. Gale.	\$185
Gipey, br f, 1 year old, by Beausire, dam Meg Merrilles, by Ethan Allen, to Lewis Lampman.	175
Milcutt, blk c, 1 year old, by Beausire, dam Venus, by Conklin's Star, to W. S. Gurney.	125
Beausire, b e, 6 years old, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, by Lady Bach, by Hiram Drew, to J. Frank Lee, Wilkesbarre, Pa.	5,150
King Philip, b e, 8 years old, by Jay Gould, dam Lady Rogers, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, to W. S. Gurney.	2,900
Inheritor, b s, 3 years old, by Jay Gould, dam Lucy, by George M. Patchen, to G. Nelson.	1,350
Lady Codley, bm, 11 years old, by Green's Hambletonian, dam Lady Vanhouten, by Abdallah, to William Watson.	500
Kearsear, br e, 14 years old, by Volunteer, dam Dexter's dam, to L. F. Seaman.	775
Olympia, b f, 3 years old, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, dam Pusey, by Consternation, to W. G. Gurney.	525
Marplot, b m, 4 years old, by Almont, dam Helen McGregor, by Rutler, to J. Frank Lee.	32
Greylock, ch m, 5 years old, by Messenger Duroc, dam Lady Woolsey, by Hard Road, to J. P. Wiser, Prescott, Canada.	80
Lucy Long, bf, 4 years old, by Almont, dam Eliza, to J. W. Blake.	51
Four Lines, blk f, 4 years old, by Blackwood, dam Venus, by Conklin's Star, to Robert Steel.	86
Venus, ch m, 13 years old, by Conklin's Star, dam Bridget, by George M. Patchen, to Robert Steel.	66
Balm o' Gilead, b m, 6 years old, by Thorndale, dam Stradella, by Hormes, to W. H. Tallier.	56
Hallett, b g, 6 years old, by Edward Everett, dam Jo Elliott's dam, to W. J. Dixon.	36
Woburn Star, b m, 7 years old, by Woburn, dam by Seeley's American Star, to D. G. Gale.	2
Stencil, ch f, 3 years old, by Stillson, dam Kate Hayden, by Ericson, to William Reed.	1
Middletown Belle, ch m, 8 years old, by Middletown, dam by Sayre's Harry Clay, to C. S. Stanford.	2
Montley, blk g, 4 years old, by Son of Hambletonian, dam Lady Watson, to Peter Trainer.	1
Crusher, ch c, 4 years old, by Messenger Duroc, dam Waverly Howland, to George H. Bailey.	3
Ida Webster, br m, 9 years old, by Rysdyk, dam by Sharpless' Abdallah, to W. S. Gurney.	
Margaritta, b m, 8 years old, by Thorndale, dam Lady Walkill, by Cassius M. Clay, to P. Doyle.	
Sanders, ch g, 8 years old, by Almont, dam Lady Anna, by Woodford Mambrino, to James A. Flack.	
Annette, ch f, 3 years old, by Kentucky Prince, dam Lady Anna, by Woodford Mambrino, to W. G. Gurney.	
Lady Anna, ch m, 9 years old, by Woodford Mambrino, dam Victoria, by Voorhees' Abdallah, to A. W. Blake.	
Lady Mingo, b m, 17 years old, by Iron Duke, dam by Long Island Black Hawk, to A. B. Darling.	
Duncan, ch g, 6 years old, by Idol, dam Lady Dixon, by Ethan Allen, to I. D. Brown.	

Folly, b m, 5 years old, by Ethan Allen, dam April Fool, by Waterloo, to William Bullock	420
Beecher, b g, 3 years old, by Ajax, dam Daisy Dean, to J. B. Ayren	245
La Fitte, b g, 12 years old, by Jupiter, dam Empress, by Abdallah, to H. C. Woodnutt	600
Warwick, blk g, 4 years old, by Dixon, dam Jennie Clay, by Alexander's Abdallah, to J. A. McCreary	210
Pedro, ch g, 4 years old, by Ide horse, dam Cinderella, to C. W. Kellogg	255
Hambledonian Eclipse, b h, 14 years old, by Ryedyk's Hambletonian, dam by Orange Eclipse, to James Gavin	210
Norma, blk m, 8 years old, by Waverly, dam Lady Meade, by Seeley's American Star, to William Watson	305
Alonette, bf, 4 years old, by Jay Gould, dam Lady Dixon, by Ethan Allen, to R. W. Leonard	370
Chryseus, b g, 5 years old, by Conklin's Star, dam Lady Wallkill, to William Webber	175
Paraphia, b g, 5 years old, by Messenger Duroc, dam Martense Maid, to J. B. Weaver	145
Lady Juno, b f, 2 years old, by Kentucky Prince, dam Juno, by Conklin's Star, to W. G. Gurney	325
Juno, ch m, 11 years old, by Conklin's Star, dam Brid-el, by George M. Patchen, to William Watson	360
Louise, b f, 2 years old, by Knickerbocker, dam Lady Winfield, by Edward Everett, to Tim McCarthy	160
Jersey Maid, b m, 12 years old, by Mansalpan, dam by Monmouth Eclipse, to P. P. Masteron	150
Fantine, ch f, 2 years old, by Revenge, dam Lady Benton, to Mr. Woolsey	70

SUCCEEDS AS A HURDLER.—The bay filly Donna, four years old, by Isaywood, dam Dot, by Mad Anthony, out of Laura White, by Importer Glencoe, one of the original string of youngsters taken to England by M. H. Sanford, and which at the close of the season last year became the property of the Duke of Hamilton, is now becoming famous as a hurdler. Donna made her debut in her new *role* at Croydon, on the 13th inst., in a selling hurdle race of \$100, carrying 147 lbs. She was the favorite before the start in a field of four starters, and won handsomely by half a length. In accordance with the conditions of the race she was sold at auction at its close, and purchased by M. A. Mason for 200 guineas.

THE GRAND NATIONAL STEEPLECHASE.—The Grand National Steeplechase came off on March 29, at Aintree, England, on the second day of the Liverpool Spring meeting. The race was won by Mr. John Nightingall's brown horse Shifnal, by Saccharometer. dam Countess. Amy. Martha was second and Pride of Kildare third. The betting previous to the start was 10 to 1 against Shifnal, 22 to 1 against Martha, and 7 to 1 against Pride of Kildare. There were twelve starters. Mr. J. Jessop's bay gelding Boyne Water was the favorite, but did not get a place. The betting against Boyne Water was 4 to 1.

SOLD FOR BREEDING PURPOSES.—Mr. H. J. Edwards, this city, sold to Messrs. James Wilson & Son, Rushville, Ind., during his recent visit to the home of the Blue Bulls, his well-known road mare by Magna Charta dam by Black Prince. Her staying qualities for the length of a road, is a well worn theme to the roadies of Chicago, and the Messrs. Wilson's may be congratulated in securing so valuable a addition to the Blue Bull harem.

EXCHANGE OF NELLIE GRAY FOR GEORGE.—Mr. J. W. Pollock, Urbana, Ill., exchanged his noted young mare Nellie Gray, on March 25, for the trotting gelding George, owned by J. N. Ackerman, Columbus, O. Nellie has a record of 2:25 made at Farmer's City last year. She was shipped on the same day for her new home.

SALE OF A BLUE BULL FILLY.—Messrs. Jas. Wilson & Son, Rushville, Ind., sold last week to Mr. H. J. Edwards, Chicago, a promising two year old filly by Blue Bull, dam a fast trotting mare. The youngster, though unbroken, has shown quarters in forty-five seconds in the halter.

SALE OF FRANK REEVES.—The bay gelding Frank Reeves, record of 2:33½, was sold last week by his owner, Mr. John F. Merrow, Boston, to Mr. Frank Work, New York, for road purposes. Mr. Work purchased the horse for a mate to his bay gelding Thunder.

Racing and Trotting.

Trotting Fixtures.-1878.

MAY.			
Prospect Park, Brooklyn.....	8-10	Pittsburgh, Pa.....	28-30
Coldwater, Mich.....	15-17	Freeport, Ill.....	28-31
Hillsdale, Mich.....	22-24	Hudson, Minn.....	29-31
JUNE.			
Loudonville, O.....	4-6	Massillon, O.....	12-13
Dubuque, Iowa.....	4-7	Davenport, Ia.....	18-20
Prophetstown, Ill.....	4-7	Grand Rapids, Mich.....	18-21
Milwaukee, Wis.....	4-7	Akron, O.....	19-21
Adrian, Mich.....	4-7	Jackson, Mich.....	25-28
Dayton, O.....	5-7	Sodus, N. Y.....	26-28
Gen-seo, Ill.....	11-14	Newark, O.....	27-29
Peru, Ind.....	11-14	Warren, O.....	27-29
Cedar Rapids, Ia.....	11-14	Viewers Park, Kansas City.....	27-29
Kalamazoo, Mich.....	11-17	Mo.....	27-29
JULY.			
Elkhart, Ind.....	2-4	Yongsanton, O.....	3-5
Batavia, N. Y.....	3-4	Denver, Co.....	3-5
Kansas City, Mo.....	2	Columbus, O.....	9-10
Cincinnati, O.....	2-5	St. Louis, Mo.....	15-22
Detroit, Mich.....	2-5	Toledo, O.....	16-12
Bay City, Mich.....	2-5	Cleveland, O.....	25-26
East Aurora, N. Y.....	3-4	Buffalo, N. Y.....	July 29 to Aug. 2
Clyde, N. Y.....	3-5	Freeport, Ill.....	July 30 to Aug. 2
Lyons, N. Y.....	3-5	Sullivan, Ill.....	July 30 to Aug. 2

Racing Fixtures--1878.

		APRIL.		
5	Mobile, Ala.....	11-13	Nashville, Tenn.....	April 30 to May 4
	New Orleans.....	20-25		
		MAY.		
5	Lexington, Ky.....	11-17	Louisville, Ky.....	21-27
0	Baltimore, Md.....	21-24	Cincinnati, O.....	May 31 to June 5
		JUNE.		
0	St. Louis, Mo.....	4- 8	Pittsburg, Pa.....	19-22
	Columbus, O.....	12-15		
		OCTOBER.		
0	Columbus, Md.....			23-26

Amusements.

HAYERLY'S THEATRE.—The sensational play lovers of Chicago have, during the past week, been treated to a "Trip to the Moon," by Kiralfy's troupe, with grand ballets and spectacular displays in keeping with the reputation of the company. Next week Kiralfy troupe.

NEW CHICAGO THEATRE.—The Ninon Duclos burlesque troupe have held the boards of this house with the pleasant and entertaining extravaganza of "Bo Peep." Pauline Markham and Maule Branscombe alone were enough to fill the house without the rest of a very good company.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.—The Union Square Company of New York, concluding their engagement at this house this (Saturday) night. "A Celebrated Case" was the play, and its production was worthy of the producers' reputations as artists. Next week will be presented on a magnificent scale the *Boston* version of Sardou's dramatic romance, "The Exiles."

HOOLYER'S THEATRE.—Mr. Joseph K. Emmett may congratulate himself upon the good will shown towards him by the Chicago play goers; few actors that visit our city have drawn such large houses, or received more hearty applause. "Fritz" has lost nothing of its interest by journeying abroad, and its reconstructions are improvements. Next week Mr. G. Fawcett Rowe will appear in the great *New York* success "The Exiles."

Fish and Fishing.

BY FRED MATHER.

Pickering Fishing Through the Ice.

For the CHICAGO FIELD.]

BY OUR FISHMONGER.

The fishers came down like wolves on the fold,
Their tops were all frosted, their noses all cold,
Their weather-peeled bugles soon shone through the town;
They called for hot whiskey, and gulluped it down,
Then emptied their boots, and wrung out their socks,
Showed a few little perch, but nary *Esox*.
Bought all the pickering we had, then lit out of here,
With a mighty good "catch," and their skins full of beer.

The Best Bass Bait.

Do you want to know what will lure the fresh water black bass better than spoons, minnows, or worms, even with the additional charm of rubbing your hook with assafetida, or spitting on the worm? If so come with me.

Let us go to the nearest stream that is running over stones and is swift and shallow, never mind if it is small.

Bring along a fine landing net and a two quart tin pail to keep the bait in, and that is all that we will require.

Now let's get our boots off and roll up our pants and in we go, you turn over the stones and I will hold the net below them so that all that comes out will enter it with the muddy water caused by our disturbance, watch closely for all may not leave at the first alarm, some things may be left, and those you must seize with your hand and put in the net for examination.

You look surprised! there is nothing in the brook that will hurt you, a crawfish is the very worst and they won't pluck if you are quick; here, you take the net while I lift this flat stone. Nothing but a crawfish left; well he is good bass bait but we want better. Let's see the net, two "darters" and a "millers thumb." Here, try this; ah! here he is, know him? No. Well, sit down on the bank here and I will tell you all about him. Don't be afraid, take it between your thumb and finger, so; it neither bites nor stings.

You see it is three inches long and a half inch wide, and its color is a dirty brown; it has a nearly square head which is larger than the thorax, and both are covered with a hard, flinty scale. The body, or abdomen, is soft and composed of eleven segments, the first two carrying a pair of legs which, with the pair in front, on the thorax, makes six legs in all, the next eight bear something like false feet which are only thread-like appendages, and the last one, or "telson" has two short projections each bearing two short hooks by which it can almost suspend itself from the thick skin of your hand without even pricking you. Its eyes are black and at the side, and there are two jaw-like appendages on the head.

What is its name? Well, that depends on circumstances, like so many other things in this wide country of ours where some objects have a new name in every state. If you live in the State of New York or east of it, you may call it a "dobson," if in Pennsylvania, a "hellgramite." No, George, I don't know whether they were named from any place where they were supposed to originate or not; we will confine our investigations to-day entirely to natural history and leave all theological investigations in the hands of those very able men who are kicking up the brimstone at twenty-five cents a ticket. In other localities they are known as "crawlers."

There now, I'm glad that you ask if it is "only this and nothing more," for it shows that your interest is only awakening, so, seeing that you have the taste of a naturalist as well as that of an angler, I will tell you that it is only a larva, and this one now that it is full grown would soon pass into the pupa state where it is changed into an insect known as *Corydalis cornutus*, the former or generic name is from the Greek *korune*, a club, and the specific name means horned. Now say it after me with the accent on the second syllable, co-ryd-a-lis; that's right and not so hard if you say it a few times, and is as easy as either "dobson" or "hellgramite."

The male fly has horns an inch or more in length, and is nearly four inches long from their tips to its tail. The body is dark gray or brown, with stiff, transparent wings, lying lengthwise when at rest, but of lace work like those of the "dragon fly," whose wings you will remember are always projecting at right angles. The wings of our insect are handsomely spotted with white and have numerous fine black lines running across them and forming triangles.

The female lays her eggs in clusters on the stems of aquatic plants, and when they hatch the young worms take to the water and hide under stones, feeding upon the eggs and larvae of other insects as well as perhaps fish eggs. They come out of the water to enter into the pupa state, and burrow under old logs, stones, or any other safe place, and do not feed in this state as few insects do. They are then lighter in color and just as good bait, but hard to get in quantity. Here is one now, under this log, although May is early for the pupa, still you can distinguish the partially developed horns, wings, and antennae of the imago, or perfect insect, through the transparent covering.

About the first of July the fly emerges, having passed through the same stages as a perfect butterfly has, viz.: egg, larva, pupa and imago.

Now, this is really all that I can tell you of the life history of our bait, but I presume that the insect lays the eggs in the Fall and dies, as we never see them in Winter, nor before July, but how long a time elapses from the hatching of the egg until the worm is big enough for bait, I don't know. See here, these look like young ones, and being only an inch long now, may not transform until another year, but this is only guess work, and they may prove to be adults of a different species. Never indulge in guess work in natural history, that is the reason that our best naturalists often doubt the evidence of their own senses, and say: "I think it possible," and "it appears as if," in a guarded manner, so different from the positive man who is so often mistaken, or whose half-formed opinion prevents him from correcting an error. But we must go on, or we will not get enough for bait to-morrow, come along, and while I turn the stones you may learn how to bait and fish with our friend. Take it so, look, with your left hand, thumb and finger on the thorax and the head from you, now insert the hook right between the first pair of legs and down into the abdomen. Some persons hook from the top, but either way will do. To fish with them, use one hook and no sniker, a little practice will show you, and you will then say that it is the best bait in the world.

A Fish Without a Name.

If the "small mouthed black bass" alone is to be known by name of black-bass, as is insisted upon by those living where both varieties are found, what shall we call the other one? The "big-mouth," as the naturalists prefer to call it, although the difference in size of their openings is only apparent by comparison, has the widest distribution, being found from Canada to Florida and known by many local names, not one of which is worthy of

being perpetuated. For instance, through Florida, Georgia and other southern states, it is known as "trout," and probably this name covers more square miles of territory than is covered by any other of its cognomens, but who, beside those to whose ears it has been familiar from childhood, and who do not know what a trout really is, would for a moment allow that it was a fitting appellation. The same can be said of its title of "chub," and "southern chub," as it is called in Virginia, for the name chub is applied in England and America, except in the limited locality mentioned, to a soft finned fish of the genus *Leuciscus*, and which is as much entitled to retain its name as the trout is.

In that part of New York lying along Lake Ontario it is called Oswego bass, but why this title, if it be one, should be entitled to this honor, no one seems to know, and it would be asking too much of the Florida people, to call their fish after a New York city. Where is Oswego, anyway? Suppose that this fish were taken to England, what could it be called? Most certainly not Oswego bass.

To those narrow-minded persons whose world is a circle of a hundred miles around their own house, and who are content with a knowledge of what the rustics inside that charmed circumference, may be pleased to call things, these names are all sufficient, and he is surprised that anyone should object to it, or is indignant that they should suppose that he does not know the names of the fishes or other objects that he has killed all his life.

But to the sportsman of more liberal views, and larger range, who perhaps fishes one month in Canada, the next in Virginia, and the following one in Florida, it is a great matter, and if he converses, or corresponds with people from abroad he feels a diffidence about using provincial terms and local nicknames that is unknown to the strictly local sportsman. As an instance, an English gentleman mentioned to us that he had heard that we had fine partridge shooting in America, and asked if it was as good now as it was ten years ago when his informant was in the "States."

Ashamed to say that it was impossible to know what an American meant by "partridge" unless you knew what part he came from, we answered, very guardedly, that in most localities perhaps it was.

To fully appreciate this difficulty let the reader imagine himself writing for the CHICAGO FIELD or any other paper going into ever state in the Union as well as Canada and Europe, and wishing every one who reads his article to understand perfectly just what fish he refers to. This is where scientific nomenclature comes in to the relief of those who learn it, for it is the common ground on which those speaking different languages meet, and if Prof. Gill sometimes does make us go to school over again, it helps to make clear many things which would be otherwise inextricably mixed.

But if only *Micropterus salmoides* is to be called "black bass" what will we do for a name for *M. nigricans*? We have an article in preparation on these fish, but really do not know how to call the latter, unless we dub it "the fish without a name."

WHERE TO CATCH MASCALUNGE.—Chicago, Ill.—Editor Chicago Field.—Allow me to congratulate you upon securing Fred Mather to take charge of your "Fish and Fishing" department. Such a prominent scientist and sportsman cannot fail to gain new admirers for your paper. As all kinds of game in the near Northwest are gradually diminishing in quantity, and on the contrary fish and fishing grounds increasing, thanks to fish commissioners, the followers of the rod and reel are daily increasing in greater ratio than lovers of the gun, and with this new army comes a demand for articles on their favorite theme, and I am glad you have taken such wise steps towards supplying this demand.

In your reply to "Long Island" in your last issue, where he asks: "Where can I find the best mascalunge fishing and at what time?" you give "On the St. Lawrence, among the Thousand Islands, during the Summer months." I would like to say that mascalunge, running from ten to forty pounds, are caught in the St. Lawrence near Clayton and Alexandria Bay, N. Y., during May and June, and once in a while during the later Summer months, but not in "paying quantities;" in fact, they are few and far between. If "Long Island" wants good mascalunge fishing, and would be satisfied with weights averaging eight or nine pounds, and occasionally weighing twelve to fifteen, let him go to Bobcaygen, Canada, in June, where, either on Sturgeon or Pigeon Lake, he can catch them to his heart's content; also large and gamey black bass. Bobcaygen is a small village situated on a short river of similar name, connecting the above named lakes. It contains a very good country tavern, which, when I was there last, was kept with home neatness, and makes but a small hole in one's purse. Good boats are hard to obtain. You can reach it via Port Hope, on Lake Ontario; rail to Lindsay and thence by steamer up the river. When any of your readers contemplate visiting Florida, and want information as to where to find some of the best fishing this country affords, and in all varieties, right in front of one of the coziest, neatest, best-kept stopping places a sportsman could wish, refer him to me and I will take pleasure in giving him an account of my experiences during the month of February just past.

ONE OF YOUR SUBSCRIBERS.

[We shall be obliged to our correspondent for the information regarding fishing in Florida at his earliest convenience.—Ed.]

THE HALIFAX AWARD.—For ways that are dark the diplomat is able to offer the heathen a most liberal discount, although the olive-skinned celestial would probably count on his tricks that are vain, and sell in the pools at the highest figure.

It seems that in Congress on March 26th, Mr. Blaine called up the question of the appointment of Mr. Delfosse, and said: "I beg at the same time to call the attention of the Senate to the fact that the correspondence more than justifies all I have said in regard to the very extraordinary efforts of Lord Granville to force Mr. Delfosse upon our government." The CHICAGO FIELD called attention to this some weeks ago, and took the ground which Mr. Blaine is now recorded as occupying. He favored paying the award, not that it was just, but because it seemed honorable so to do. His view was based upon the correspondence transmitted to the Senate, and from which the whole country drew its opinions as to the merits of the case, never supposing for an instant that there was anything kept back by those in authority. Now comes the sequel. Letters from Mr. Fish show that instead of Mr. Delfosse having been forced into the commission against the vigorous protests of that gentleman, it appears that the contrary was true, that he was appointed at the urgent request of Mr. Fish himself. All pretense that the British government packed the jury is now exploded, and nothing remains but to pay the award.

If Mr. Fish had given the senator and the public the facts, it would have prevented a gross misconception of the matter, and the country would have been spared a controversy which has reflected seriously upon its honor. Why was the correspondence of 1873, in which our government strenuously objected to Mr. Delfosse, so ostentatiously paraded, and that of 1877, when our Secretary of State begs Mr. Delfosse to accept the position of arbitrator so carefully hidden? There would seem to be an African in the diplomatic fence somewhere, but so far the public has not beheld any signs of wool, and it is evident that

the senator mentioned did not perceive anything odorous, or, it may be, was on the windward side of the hedge diplomatique.

COSTLY POACHING IN LAKE TAHOE.—The following bill, for the preservation of fish in the waters of Lake Tahoe, has been introduced in the California Assembly. It is a good bill, and is equally applicable to other sheets of water that require protection:

SECTION 1. It shall not be lawful for any person or persons to catch or kill any fish in the waters of Lake Tahoe, with any seine, gill-net, spear, wire fence, basket trap, set net, or dam, or any poisonous, deleterious or stupefying drug or explosive compound, or any other implement or appliance, except by means of a hook and line.

SEC. 2. Any person or persons who shall violate any provision of this act shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof before any justice of the peace in Placer county, El Dorado county, or Nevada county, shall be punished by a fine of not less than one hundred dollars, nor more than five hundred, or by imprisonment in the county jail not less than thirty days nor more than four months, or by both such fine and imprisonment, in the discretion of the court, for each and every offence, besides the cost of prosecution.

Section 3 provides for the proper officers to prosecute and allows half the fine to the informer. Not less than one, nor more than five hundred dollars for each fish; if there is any virtue in fines to protect fish, it would seem that the size of these would appal the stoutest poacher, and if the parties who introduced this bill will only see that it is strictly enforced, Tahoe will be well protected. It is too true that many states have laws on this subject that are rendered nil by want of enforcement.

SPAWNING OF CALIFORNIA BROOK TROUT.—Three years ago a number of California brook trout, *Salmo irideus*, of Gibbons, (or perhaps variety *stellatus* of Girard,) were brought from that state and placed in charge of Mr. Monroe A. Green, Superintendent New York State Hatching house at Caledonia. They were kept in a preserve by themselves and proved to be very hardy, and made more rapid growth than our native variety. They have just begun spawning, March 14, and as they are in good condition a fair yield is expected. Last year some males were ripe and were crossed with the fontinalis. If we are not mistaken this fish is a Fall spawner in its native waters; we think that Mr. Myron Green has said so somewhere in his report of operations in California, yet the trout of western New York often in their spawning operations cover a period of four months, from November to the first of March. In our operations at Honeoye Falls, we proved to our satisfaction that trout kept near the head of a running stream and prevented from running down into warmer water in Summer, as is their usual habit, became, to a degree, irregular in their time of spawning, the even temperature retarding the development of the ova. These facts are corroborated by Mr. James Annin who has ponds on Caledonia creek above the state works and which are fed directly from springs, who has spawn later in the season than any breeder we know of. It is possible that if trout were kept at a temperature of 45° the year round they might never spawn. There are cases recorded where brook trout have been caught with ripe spawn in April.

DON'T MENTION IT.—We have long regretted that the laws regulating the catching or killing of fish in several states prohibit the use of an article that we decline to name in public. The game law of the State of New York, among others contains this clause whose effect could as well be accomplished without this, to us, obnoxious specification. We have seen the law posted in a country store where every vagabond that could read was told the name of a fish poison, and, if he had coppers enough, could proceed to the nearest druggist and procure it, whereas, if the thing were not so broadly advertised, he might at least have remained in ignorance of it. In the last ten years we have had perhaps a dozen inquiries about it, what it was, etc., to all of which the answer was returned that we had no information to impart on that subject, and now, for the reasons given above object to its advertisement in the game laws. There is an old story of an Irish hostler who went to confession and was asked by the priest if he had ever rubbed soap in the horses' mouths so that they would not eat the oats given them, and very innocently answered in the negative, but on the next occasion of his visit to the holy father, when the same question was asked, pleaded guilty.

His confessor in surprise, asked, "How is this? When you were here before you said that you never did such a thing."

"No more did I, your reverence," said Pat, "begorra, I didn't know the trick."

A TROUT WELL.—An exchange says: "A California artesian well, 135 feet deep, throws out thousands of young trout about two inches long, perfectly developed and with perfect eyes. The nearest stream is several miles distant, and there are no trout in its lower portion. The temperature of the water is 64 degrees Fahr.—too warm for trout to live in." The italics are ours, and the first one was intended to call attention to the fact that the paragrapher probably meant a great many, and nothing less than thousands would approach his estimate. We guess that if true at all, there might have been seven fish all told. As to sixty-four degrees being too warm, if there is no mistake in the figure, there is in the fact.

FISH CULTURE IN WISCONSIN.—Editor Chicago Field.—I have just visited the hatching works of the state. Mr. Palmer showed our party the results of the Winter's work, consisting of ten millions of whitefish, two hundred thousand brook trout, and something over three millions of lake trout, all in good condition. This, in addition to the California salmon received from the United States Commission, by Mr. Fairbanks, at Geneva Lake. Mr. Reed, at Reedsburg, and Mr. Welch, Madison, will make a very good show of work done with the means at hand.

R. H. H.

THE FISH CULTURAL ASSOCIATION.—Why can't we have the reports of the Fish Cultural Association before the next meeting? It loses interest after a while, and really there seems to be no reason why they cannot be published within a month, as well as to wait eleven.

Small Fry.

—Soft shell crabs are not eaten in England.

—Prof. Baird's "Annual Record of Science and Industry" for the past year will be issued in May.

—A fish is often cited as a hard drinker but we have never heard of one dying from spontaneous combustion.

—Question for naturalists: Will muskrats eat fish or does their carnivorous appetite draw the line at mussels?

—About this time the angle worm may expect to feel something sharp in his rear, as the juvenile proceeds to measure his length on a fish hook.

—The manufacture of isinglass, generally supposed to be confined to countries where sturgeon are abundant, is carried on in India, principally from the air bladders of several kinds of fish, including perch.

—And now Massachusetts complains that the Connecticut fishermen catch all the shad that she hatches at Holyoke, before they reach the spawning grounds, and that the other state bears no part of the expense of stocking the river.

—As an instance of the value of fish as brain food, Dr. Weatherbee says that ichthyophagic tribes, when once civilized, become more active of intellect than inland beef eaters. Suppose Sitting Bull should winter at Halifax during a good codfish season, wouldn't it be lively in the Black Hills the next Summer?

—Dried sea-horses, *Hippocampus*, are used as ornaments for ladies' bonnets in England, but their rarity will prevent them from becoming very common. The public aquaria sell all that die, and they are used for this purpose, some are even gilt. They can be dried in very graceful shapes, but are never so beautiful as when alive and swimming among the sea-weed.

—"Can you tell me where the bad boys go who fish on Sundays?" asked a gentleman with a white necktie of a little fellow that was trudging along with his rod and box of worms. "Yes, some of 'em goes to the river, but the *worst* of 'em goes to ole Bemis' mill-pond. I'll let you have some worms if you want to go over to the pond along of me."

—M. Schretz states that borax enfeebles the spontaneous movements of all living vegetable tissues and kills microscopic animal life. In this country its use as a preservative of wood is patented. We once had a hatching trough of wood so prepared, but after lying around a while it was coated with gas tar and so did not get a trial. It is often of service in removing fungus from fish.

—The much abused theory of the late Prof. Agassiz, that a fish diet was productive of brains, in a general sort of way, after serving all the wits of the country as a target for their jokes, and descending from the minstrel stage to the saw-dust arena where the wearer of the motley—would that it were always *bona-fide*—advises him of the top boots and long whip, to eat a couple of whales, has at last been removed from its position of plausible theory to that of accepted fact by an English gentleman, whose ponderous brain, we hope, will not rest until he has given it a place among the exact sciences. "Mary you may fry those gold fish and shiners for breakfast, I have to write on 'a bi-metallic currency' this morning for the *Journal of Finance*." But to our authority: "After years devoted to the subject," writes this *savant* who must have kept lent a very long while, and has no doubt whatever of the enormous size of his own cerebrum, "I have discovered that the very best incentive to brain-work is fish. But let not the reader run away with this idea that any fish will do for any work. On the contrary, a poem written on codfish and oyster sauce might be excellent; a sermon written on the same would be idiotic. If you wish to write a good drama, turbot is the best fish; for political work, and comic, sprats; serious, codfish and oyster sauce; for a romantic story, boiled soles; for a leading article, whelks; for sermons, periwinkles. For writing essays upon pure or applied sciences I have always found bloaters the best food. No man can do anything on salmon, unless it is to make his will or write an actionable letter to his enemy."

Natural History.

Swallows, Martins and Swifts.

BY COL. A. G. BRACKETT, U. S. ARMY.

Naturalists make quite a formidable list of the swallows, martins and swifts, dividing them as follows:

Family, *Hirundinidae*, swallows; *Hirundo horreorum*, American barn swallow; *Tachycineta bicolor*, white-bellied swallow; *Tachycineta thalassina*, violet-green swallow; *Hirundo lunifrons*, cliff or eye swallow; *Cotyle riparia*, bank swallow; *Stelgidopteryx serripennis*, rough-winged swallow; *Progne purpurea*, purple martin.

Family, *Cypselidae*, swifts. *Panyptila saazatalis*, white-throated or rock swift; *Chaetura pelagica*, chimney swift, or chimney swallow.

Now, it must not be understood that the scientific names here given are unchangeable by any means, the cliff swallows, for instance, having no less than nine scientific names as given by the author of "Birds of the Northwest," and six as given by Professor Baird, in volume IX, of the Pacific Railroad Surveys. In the present state of our knowledge, perhaps, this is unavoidable.

The cliff swallows appeared at Fort Sanders, Wyoming Territory, on the 13th of May, 1876, and disappeared on the 30th of July. In 1877, they made their appearance on the 16th of May. Their flight is very rapid. They love to assemble in the mud on the margins of creeks, where they chatter away merrily with each other, and obtain mud with which they make their nests. The eggs in the nests vary from two to seven in number, and are white with brown spots. The birds are ready on every occasion to defend their homes, and do not hesitate to attack owls and hawks that come near them for the purpose of committing depredations. The whole force, at such times, assemble and the owl or hawk is only too glad to escape, as the swallows surround him like a swarm of flies, darting down on him and picking him with their beaks. The hawk sometimes screams in the excess of his vexation and pain, and the owl hides himself away amid the thick branches of the cedar and pine trees. When sitting on their nests, these swallows have an exceedingly comical and knowing look, as they peer down on the stranger, turning their heads from side to side, and chattering with their neighbor, whose nest is not more than six inches distant. These nests are built in a row under the projecting shingles of the building; under sheds or projecting banks, so that the rain may not wash them down. The nests are built of mud, each swallow going off to a neighboring creek, and taking as much soft, wet mud as it can carry in its bill, and then flying to the place selected for building. One line of mud pellets is stuck against the wood, in a curved shape, followed by another line, and then another, until the nest is completed. The nest is very commodious, and sticks to the wood above and below, leaving a small hole by which the swallow can get in and out. The inside is lined with soft, dry grass and feathers.

When the season for going south arrives, which is generally sometime in July or August, there seems to be a perfect understanding among the birds, and all at once at day break on some fine morning away they go and are seen no more that year. Nests are abandoned, half grown birds deserted, and left to perish miserably, and eggs partially hatched are thought of no more. Away goes the whole swarm thinking of nothing, and caring for nothing except to get to the warm lands as soon as possible. The exodus is as complete as it is sudden, and not a single swallow is left behind.

Their food consists of beetles, millers, butterflies, grasshoppers, and other insects. They drink and bathe while in full flight, and love to dip their wings on the surface of the water as they pass along. Although almost always welcome those that visited Fort Sanders were far from being so, as it was discovered that their bodies were infested with bed bugs; and, where they built their nests along the eaves, the houses were soon absolutely swarming with vermin. The same peculiarity has been dis-

covered among bats. For this reason they were not allowed to build in the houses that were occupied, but were driven off to stables and empty buildings where they could do no harm. The different swallows breed throughout the whole of the United States from the Atlantic to the Pacific and are well known to every one. The swallow of the East Indian Archipelago constructs a nest of a whitish gelatinous substance arranged in layers, made of a marine plant which the bird soaks in the water and grinds up before using, or as others say, from the hard part of animal food which they have found. These nests are eaten—dressed like mushrooms, and in soup. The Chinese consider them a great delicacy, and as an excellent food for sick persons, which they no doubt are. An extensive trade is carried on in this article and many hundred pounds are shipped every year from China to San Francisco for the delectation of the Orientals residing there.

Swallows have greater power of wing perhaps than any other bird, and are said to be able to fly a mile in a minute. They can keep up this flight for an indefinite time, and often fly many miles in mere wantonness, they never seem to be still except when on their nests.

The hibernation of swallows has given rise to a great deal of discussion, some naturalists believing in it while others scout it as the merest nonsense.

The controversy has received a new contribution in a letter written by Sir John McNeill to his brother-in-law, the duke of Argyll, and printed in a late number of *Nature*. The letter after some preliminary remarks continues as follows:

"About twenty-five miles south of Teheran, the capital of Persia, there is a village called Kenara-gird, near which is a stream of brackish water running in a deep bed with nearly perpendicular banks some forty or fifty feet high. Being largely impregnated with salt this stream is rarely if ever frozen, and in frosty weather is resorted to by flights of wild ducks. During a frost of unusual severity I went from Teheran to Kenara-gird, accompanied by Sir Henry Rawlinson, for the purpose of duck shooting, the severity of the frost promising good sport. Having slept at the village we next morning followed the downward course of the stream along the north bank, and had proceeded about a mile, I should think, when we came to a place where there had quite recently been a small landslide. The brink of the bank to the extent of perhaps twenty feet in length and ten or twelve broad in the middle, tapering off to each end, had slipped, but had not fallen down the bank. Between this detached portion of the perpendicular face about ten feet high, from which it had broken off, we saw to our great surprise a number of swallows, not less, I am sure, than twenty or thirty, lying, as I at first supposed, dead, but on taking up one of them I found that it was alive but dormant; it was warm and its breathing was quite perceptible. I examined a considerable number and found that they were all alive and breathing, but none of them gave any sign of consciousness. My attention was then attracted to the perpendicular face on our left, from which the slip had broken off, and which was perforated by a vast number of holes, each about the size of a rat hole. On looking into such of these as I was tall enough to look into, I found in all of them swallows in the same dormant state. I was able with finger and thumb to pull out swallows from several of these holes, and in each case found that the hole, which penetrated horizontally a considerable way into the bank, contained more swallows in the same condition. In no case did I see one lying on another—they were all lying singly, with their heads inward, each head touching the tail of the bird before it. How far these holes penetrated into the bank or what number of swallows each contained I did not ascertain, but it is plain that the original entrance to these dormitories must have been in the external face of the portion that had slipped, which as I have stated was in the middle from ten to twelve feet thick. The holes in the undisturbed portion may probably have been of equal or greater length, and if so the number of swallows hibernating there must have amounted to many hundreds."

Purple martins are true swallows and their pretentious boxes prepared for them at the North are replaced in Arkansas and the far South by a gourd hanging to a pole, set up near the log cabin of the proprietor. Martins are exceedingly friendly and for some reason or other are not afraid of men. Their eggs as well as those of the white bellied swallows are pure white.

Chimney swallows are swift and are altogether different from true swallows though some of their habits are the same. The toes of the chimney swallows all point forward which enables them to move up and down the chimneys with the greatest ease. The swallows have three toes that are directed forward and one behind. So far as I know the chimney swifts have not yet been found in the Rocky Mountain region, though they are common enough in the Eastern states. The swallows have been classed among the *Oscines* or singing birds, whereas the swifts have not. The latter build their nests of twigs neatly joined together instead of mud.

Mr. H. W. Henshaw says the white throated swift is an abundant inhabitant of Utah, Colorado, New Mexico, and Arizona, but its persistent adherence to the neighborhood of rocky cliffs, where alone it finds nesting sites, renders it extremely local, while its habit of flying high in the air, it very rarely descending into the valleys and canons, and the extreme velocity of its flight, combine to make it a species of great rarity in museums, despite of its abundance. Though on several occasions he found colonies breeding on the face of the cliffs, the inaccessibility of the crevices they had chosen for their retreats has always proved an unsurmountable obstacle to any attempt to spy out their domestic arrangements.

Kennel.

Kennel Fixtures for 1878.

Bench Shows.

Baltimore Kennel Club's Show, Baltimore, Md., April 23, 24, 25 and 26. L. R. Cassard, Sec'y.

The Westminster Kennel Club (New York) Bench Show, Gilmore's Garden, May 14, 15, 16 and 17. Dr. W. Seward Webb, Sec'y.

Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association.—Fremont, May 20 and 22. Bench show of dogs.

FOREIGN.

PARIS.—June 1 to July 7. Applications to be made to the Ministère de l'Agriculture et du Commerce.

BIRKENHEAD, ENG.—Sept. 11 and 13. Sec., Mr. A. F. Gardiner.

Field Trials.

Tennessee State Sportsmen's Association Field Trials, Nashville, Dec. 2. H. C. Pritchett, Sec'y.

FOREIGN.

HORSEHEATH, LINTON, ENG.—April 30, May 1 and 2. Kennel Club Field Trials. Sec., Mr. G. Lowe.

How Should Stock Classes be Judged?

BY ARNOLD BURGESS.

There seems to be some difference of opinion as to the manner in which stock dogs and bitches should be judged, hence the matter had better be fully discussed that the managers of future

shows may know what the popular feeling on this point is, and adopt such rules as shall conform to the sentiments of the majority of breeders and exhibitors.

To us, there appears no question that as the power of the sire or dam to beget good stock, is shown and proved by the progeny, they alone should be considered in making the award. In fact, we would strongly advocate taking the progeny only before the judge, that no prejudice for or against any, may be raised by the good or bad form of the progenitors. We have heard it claimed that the dog or bitch should be judged equally with his or her produce, since a well-formed animal will naturally be more likely to beget good stock than one of inferior physical attributes. This is very good in theory but it does not always hold good in practice. We all know of finely bred but ill-looking dogs in this country, dogs that could never win a prize in even a fair class, whose sons and daughters stand in the very front rank as show animals. The same is true of dogs abroad. Take for example, Llewellyn's Dan, whose reputation is unequalled the world over, as the sire of the very best dogs, both on the bench and in the field; he is no show dog, and if exhibited at a show where the system of judging the sire with the progeny was enforced, he and his grand get might be beaten by some dog of superior form, but of incomparably inferior general stock-getting quality. The same reasoning will apply to Dan's sister, Dora, whose sons and daughters bear the highest reputation with the sportsmen of two hemispheres. Nor are these solitary exceptions to a general rule, for every pure breed furnishes similar examples, and certainly we cannot afford to adopt such a system of judging that the very best dogs of the day shall be practically excluded from competition. Shows are designed to bring out the highest physical quality, and the first place, as a stock animal, rightly belongs to that dog or bitch which gives the greatest perfection to its offspring, no matter how great its own imperfections may be. To judge the sire or dam with the progeny appears to us a mixing up of matters. It makes the progenitor pass an ordeal which specially belongs to other classes. We have general classes where dogs compete singly and individually with their fellows, winning or losing according to the judges' estimate of their deserts. Dogs judged and placed in these general classes may meet again in the stock dog classes, and if the system we have referred to prevails, a dog that has deservedly won first in the general class, may by being shown with progeny out of condition or inferior in quality be beaten by a dog he has already vanquished, and thus the consistency of the awards be destroyed, for the moment it is understood that the progenitors as well as the progeny are judged, we are brought face to face with the absurdity of a dog inferior to another one hour is superior to him the next.

Other parties claim that the progenitors should be judged only in case of a tie between their several offsprings. This does not take away in any degree the injustice of the principle, and we had better resort to other means of deciding the award or allow the ties to divide the prize. It appears to us that in case of a tie the *pedigree* is the natural resort of the judge. When two stock dogs are equal in exhibition of powers, the question arises in the display of either possibly a matter of chance. "Blood will tell" is and has been a breeder's axiom for ages, and if the progenitor is backed by a good pedigree, the other by an inferior, the conclusion is a just one that the former is more certain to prove the best stock animal in a majority of cases, and as such entitled to the award. It may be said this is going outside of the record, and bringing in matters foreign to the question. In reply we would say that in cases of a tie some outside influence must be brought to bear to decide that tie, and certainly no better can be found than that which reduces to the minimum the chances of the quality of the offspring being accidental.

Cases of a tie may also be decided by circumstance, as for instance where the progeny exhibited to back one sire descends from a single dam, and in the other from more than one. Here we have at once a natural proof of the ability of one dog to beget good offspring in more than one instance, and this proof is lacking in the other, whose fine representatives may owe their beauty as much to their dam as to their sire. This is an important point and rightly enters into the estimate of the judge. It produces no unnatural conclusion and does no injustice to either contestant. A tie may arise at any time and in such instances the resort should be to as impartial and at the same time trustworthy evidences as can be obtained.

STRYCHNIA AND ITS ANTIDOTE.—Mr. J. Sinclair Holden, in a letter to *Nature*, writes as follows relative to the recovery of a dog from poisoning by strychnia: "Wanting to banish some mice from a pantry, I placed on the floor at night a slice of bread spread over with butter, in which I had mixed a three penny packet of 'Battle's Vermin Killer,' which contains about a grain of strychnia along with flour and Prussian blue. The following morning I was roused by a servant telling me that a favorite Skye terrier was lying dead. I found that the mice had dragged the slice of bread underneath the locked door, and that the dog had thus got at it and eaten part equal to about one-sixth of a grain of strychnia. It lay on its side perfectly rigid, an occasional tetanic spasm showed that life was not quite extinct. Having notes of the experiments made by direction of the British Medical Association last year, on the antagonism of medicines, and wherein it was conclusively proved, that a fatal dose of strychnia could be neutralized by a fatal dose of chloral hydrate, and that the minimum fatal dose of the latter for a rabbit was twenty-one grains. I at once injected under the dog's skin forty-five grains of the chloral in solution, my dog being about twice the weight of a rabbit. In a quarter of an hour, fancying the dog was dead, as the spasms had ceased and it lay apparently lifeless, I moved it with my foot, when it at once struggled to its feet, and shortly after staggered to its usual corner by the parlor fire; it took some milk, and except for being quieter than usual, seemed nothing the worse for the ordeal it had passed through. That the fatal effect of a poisonous dose of strychnia was thus counteracted so successfully by what I should say was a poisonous dose of chloral, given hypodermically, is an interesting fact, verifying the experiments I alluded to. Without such experiments on the lower animals, a medical man might often be found standing by helpless to aid his fellow man under similar effects of poison."

THE AUTOMATIC DOG MUZZLE.—The attention of the owners of dogs is called to the advertisement of the Automatic Dog Muzzle, manufactured by Messrs W. T. & J. Mesereau, 331 Bowery, New York, and for sale by all dealers in sportsman's goods and hardware. As is well-known to our readers we are very chary of notices of advertisements, indulging neither in fulsome puffs nor recommendations of articles without merit; but, recognizing the value of this muzzle on humanitarian principles alone, we unhesitatingly endorse it as the most practical article of the kind possessing not the objectionable features of other muzzles, inasmuch as the dog can breathe freely and drink while wearing it, a most important consideration when it is remembered that at the season of the year when muzzles are resorted to dogs have the most need of freedom of the jaws for these purposes.

MAID OF THE SOUTH.—"Kit Killbird" has purchased of the Kansas City Kennel Club their pointer bitch Maid of the South.

Hackmatack's Bohemian, and Dog Bob.

NEW ULM, Brown Co., Minn.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—I am the fellow that "Hackmatack" calls a Bohemian or Polander. I read what he says in your paper about his great hunt in Minnesota. I used to live in Milwaukee, where I had nine brothers and three sisters, all living in the twelfth ward. I had been there on a visit to them and was going back home. Having taken the same train at Milwaukee that "Hackmatack" did, at about 1 o'clock p. m., I had a chance to see that dog Bob. His master took him into the baggage car and got the baggage-master to sweep the floor clean, and asked him to take off his undershirt—that being woolen and soft—for Bob to lie on, putting at the same time a greenback into his hand, which caused a ready compliance.

Bob was a large dog, larger than my big bull-dog, and he covered the shirt all over. I was in the smoking-car, and I am free to say that I never heard so much said about one dog in all my life. He was telling one of the other hunters that that dog was the best dog in America; when he got into the field he would readily scent a single bird half a mile against a strong breeze; that he would work down on to them so still that he could just put his paw upon the bird's back and hold it there till the shooter got up. Just then he said, "Excuse me boys, I want to see if Bob is all right."

He soon returned and said Bob was sleeping quietly, "good old fellow." "Yes, sir," said he, "I never saw him hunt, but the old man told me, that Bob had been known to hold a bird on a point for three straight hours—actually mesmerized the birds—they could not leave him; that his average day's work over that dog was 150 birds. Retrieve! why, there was no name for it. Say 'dead bird' and dead bird it was—could not run him down—no pointer was a better ranger than he. You ought to see him quarter; hunts every inch of ground over. That's what the old man says; of course, I never saw him hunt, 'but please excuse me for a minute, I want to just see that the noble old fellow is all right.'"

He soon came in again and said: "By thunder, boys, if there is anything in a dog's looks, Bob is a rattler. Oh! you ought to see how slow he can open and shut that eye of his. The old man says that's his strong point, indicative of deliberation, you know. Bye-the-bye, boys, I didn't take but thirteen hundred shells, and if I stay a whole week, and Bob is all the old man claims he is, I almost wish I had taken a couple of hundred more. But if I get out, some of the rest of you can give me some." "Yes," one of the party said, "I have three hundred, if you get out, I can let you have two hundred of mine." That seemed to put his mind to rest as to shells.

He took one after another into the car and had them look at that dog to see if they ever saw anything like him. He told them all that the dog was not his and that he had never hunted with him; but if there was anything in the looks of a dog, or if the old man told the truth, few could equal and none excel the old beauty. "And," said he in a subdued tone, "between you and me and the lamp post, the old man said to me that I was the only man whom he would think of loaning him to. The old man is Scotch, you know, and he said to me, 'Now that is a good dog.' Don't whop um, don't whop um; he is a part of the family." "And," said he, "when a man thinks enough of me to do that, you can bet your boots I'll take good care of his dog."

About dark I heard him tell the baggage-man to feed the dog some food which he had taken great pains to prepare for him, and that he had provided a strong narcotic which he should give him in a tea cup half full of water at a quarter to ten that night, in order to keep him from getting too nervous. "For," said he, "that dog knows just as well that we are going hunting and where we are going, as we do, and all I want to do is to keep him as quiet as I can."

Then he sat down and took Bob's under jaw in his left hand and patted his head with the other, and said in a suppressed tone, "God knows my faithful old Bob. I wish dogs could go to heaven; then, if you and I should die before your master, we'd go the good old hunts all over again, and nothing could surpass our happiness." I saw nothing more of the dog until we reached the Winona and St. Peter depot. How changed he was! His back was some three or four inches higher than either end of his body, his tail curled tightly between his legs, his eye rolling continually, his breathing bad, and his whole frame shaking and shivering as though it was mid-winter. All these symptoms I took to be indicative of gripes rather than deliberation. "Hackmatack" was greatly frightened as he feared the dog would die. While on the cars, I heard him say that he had promised to send about 750 birds to his friends. But if poor Bob was going to be sick, that was out of the question. One of his friends told him that dogs with such powerful brains as Bob had, were apt to have those spells; they affected the spinal column and would produce trembling and shaking to a greater or less degree. This made him feel better. I did not see much more of him that day as he rode with the dog in the baggage car.

Living, as I did, in the towns that had suffered so long from the "hoppers," and a law having been passed there allowing no chickens to be killed, and learning, too, that this same man and dog expected to pass right through our town and hunt it all over, I left New Ulm that night and warned every man on the road to be on hand, as I was satisfied that before the sun went down the next day, the chickens would be taken faster than the "hoppers" ever took a wheat field, and as clean, too. Sure enough, the next forenoon, just as I was returning from my neighbors whom I had been warning, I saw Bob in a little corn patch next to my house, and although I was bound to stop the shooting, I was so much impressed with the wonders of Bob that I just wanted to see him work a little; so I crept up to where I could see him.

Now, I am not a hunter, and of course, I wanted to see how he "set," how he would "drop to shot," and the many other things he could do. He was flying around here and there, jumping straight up into the air, over the tops of the weeds and down again, as stiff-legged as my old Rover when he's hunting for gophers. Every few moments a chicken would fly up, and then Bob would run there and jump up and down in the same way, right where the chicken got up. He smashed down everything, and I should have thought one of my oxen had been in the corn had I not seen the dog, for I would rather pasture my two oxen in that cornfield for a whole week than have Bob hunting in there two hours. By and by, I heard a voice way over on Stanislaus Mickalausk's 80, saying: "Here! here, Bob! Steady, Bob! Mind your business, Bob! Hold them, Bob!" etc., and sure enough, there was "Hackmatack" coming on a dead run. I first thought him a sand-hill crane, but I never saw him with his hunting clothes on before, and he must have been at least three-quarters of a mile away at that time. As he got nearer and could see now and then a chicken fly up; he said as fast as he could, "Steady, Bob! Steady, Bob! Steady, Bob! Steady, Bob! Steady, Bob! Steady, Bob! Steady, Bob!" By the time "Hackmatack" got there, he was out of breath, and all the chickens had gone, and he said to Bob when he got his breath: "Bob, how strange you act! Have you lost your reason? Have you got the buck fever, or what in God's name does all you? You act like a green puppy or a common cur, instead of the noble animal I took you to be."

Then, as I looked at my corn patch, and saw so many ears of corn broken down by that "cussed" dog, I made for them both, but with no intent of harming either. I approached him in a true business spirit, but firmly, and said: "You must pay me for this field of corn which that zebra of yours has ruined, or get off this place quicker than ——" Of course, I was mad clear through, and used stronger language than I ought to, for I do think "Hackmatack" a perfect gentleman. He meant no harm to anyone, yet you know the little two-acre piece of corn was my pride, and to see nearly all of the ears broken off by that infernal "lumux" of his, was more than I could stand. So you must not blame me.

"Hackmatack" says, as I see in the paper, that Bob stood stiff. Well, he did very stiff down there at Winona; but the castor oil he got must have permeated every part of him, for such antelope-like bounds could never be made by any stiff dog, that's sure. Now, it is not true that I threatened to injure him. I had no right to do so under our game law. Nothing was said in our town law about just scaring birds up. Any one had a right to do that whether he lived in the town or not, and as that was all Bob did I could say nothing only on the ground of willful destruction of property, which I have already mentioned.

No birds were killed that day so far as I could learn, but my neighbors say that they never saw so many birds in the air in any one day; and some seemed to think that it was the work of this dog Bob. One of my neighbors, who hunts some, said to me that if that fellow ever got the hang of that dog he would kill birds by the wagon load. He thought that if a man could manage to keep say half a mile ahead of him he might shoot all the time where birds were plenty. None could ever be killed by going behind him that was sure.

In a day or two after that I went over to the post-office at the Lone Tree House, and was told by the postmaster that all the hunters were there. I heard a dog howling out at the barn, and asked the postmaster what the trouble was. He replied that it was "Hackmatack's" dog, who seemed to mourn so for rabbits; that the other hunters had told him that they never saw such a dog for rabbits, running them steadily all the day before, and they seemed to think him a fox-hound.

I never heard anything more about Bob until last Fall when on my way to Milwaukee. I saw John Miller, the baggage master, running between New Ulm and Winona, who by the way was the same one that was on when the hunters went out and when they returned. I questioned him about the dog and what "Hackmatack" had said about him. He burst out laughing, but finally said he never saw such a change. "Hackmatack" was awfully sick of the dog and would not go near him if he could help it. He got two dollars going out, but coming back "Hackmatack" gave him but a quarter, saying: "If a big trunk happens to fall on the old fraud and kills him, don't say anything to me about it until we get to Winona."

He further said that just then the dog went to play a little around his master, and "Hackmatack" yelled at him: "Get out, or I'll kick the stuffing out of you, you old fraud." He said one of "Hackmatack's" friends from St. P. asked him who owned that big dog in there, and after looking around to see that none of the hunters heard him, "Hackmatack" replied he "did not exactly know, but he heard some one say that it belonged to a man from California. He was evidently no bird dog, as any one could tell by his looks. He must be either a fox dog or a cur of some kind. He had a dog when he went out that was worth his weight in gold, but those 'cussed' Bohemians out there in Milton had killed him, and he had to depend on others all the time for a dog to hunt with."

I was surprised to hear this, but John said that was nothing; there was a big difference between the talk of a hunter when going out and when he returns, and "Hackmatack" was no worse in this respect than many others.

This, Mr. Editor, in justice to myself and my town's people.
CONSTANTINE PUDZINSKI.

Mange in the Dog.

BY J. A. NUNN, M.R.C.V.S.

Scabies or Scurfy Mange.

SYMPTOMS AND DIAGNOSIS.—The first symptoms are itchiness and uneasiness of the dog, followed by the formation of minute pimples, resembling flea-bites, for which they are often mistaken. These two first stages are not often seen in practice, as they are usually not noticed, the first stage especially so. The second stage is very liable to be mistaken for the *Eczema rubrum*, which is a non-parasitic disease. The red points are chiefly seen under the abdomen, and inside the thighs, where the skin is thinly covered with hair. These pimples give rise to itching, indicated by the constant scratching, and a sudden uneasiness that is shown when feeding or drinking. This last symptom is nearly diagnostic. In consequence of this itching the dog will inflict injuries on himself by his teeth and claws, which to some extent will complicate the diagnosis. There is also a very rapid loss of hair, chiefly on the back, ears, and neck. The red points next form vesicles that burst spontaneously, or else are ruptured either by the dog himself or by collision with some object; the exudation drying and forming crusts that sometimes attain a very great thickness. There is also usually a peculiar mass of bran-like scales or scurf that grows over the upper eyelids. In old cases the skin becomes very dry, and what little hair is left hangs matted together in a tangled mass. The rapid spread of the red points is caused by the parasites being conveyed on the claws in scratching, or else in the bedding, to different parts of the body. All these symptoms, however, can only be looked upon in the light of aids to the diagnosis, as they cannot be relied upon with certainty, our sheet-anchor in determining the presence of this disease being a microscope. It may at first be thought to be an easy task to procure a specimen of acari from dogs; but my experience in the matter is to the contrary, having had on more than one occasion to make several scrapings before an individual could be obtained. This is more particularly the case in cold weather, or if the dog has been newly washed. Gerlach says: "The finding of these insects has as yet been attended with great difficulty; in man, however, it is easily done by following the little grooves on fresh papillae, and especially in the larger tracks, at the blind end of which there may or may not be nodules or vesicles. It has not been possible heretofore for veterinary surgeons to discover these parasites with certainty, because the various insects and their chief characters have not been known, and they have not been regarded as the ontological cause of scabies." The various procedures to find the acari are as follows:

(1) Animals are placed in the sun and carefully examined; the acari do not get on the surface of the epidermic scales, and on the hairs, as dermatodectes do, and these latter can be seen with the naked eye.

(2) The sarcoptes are found below the scabs or scales, which may be so adherent to the skin that on being removed it bleeds. The dermatodectes are observed, and after the animals have been exposed to the sun, on the outer part of these scabs, but the sarcoptes are only seen on the inner. The scabs examined should always be fresh, and they may be laid on black paper in a warm

place in the sun, and then examined by a hand glass, embracing a wide field of vision. The small sarcoptes are only discovered when the cuticle has been removed with the scab.

(3) The sarcoptes are most easily and certainly found when the scabs are laid with their under surface uppermost on the arm. In the course of about twelve hours they pass from the scales to the arm, and burrow into the skin at the part covered by the scab. On removing the latter, the parasite is seen as a minute white spot on a somewhat reddened skin, or on a small red papule. With the point of a needle the white summit of the epidermic vesicle is to be punctured, and the sarcoptes can then be obtained. If the inflammatory nodule be allowed to pass to the state of a vesicle, then the mite is rarely found. If there are only a few acari on the scales applied to the arm, the red points or nodules are only seen next day, and before the appearance of this eruption the insects are not, as a rule, to be found on the skin; if, however, many of the parasites exist on the scales, then in the course of a few hours they may be obtained on the arm. The dermatodectes, especially of cattle and horses, are very readily found in a similar way. Sometimes the scabs need only be on the human skin one hour.

The symbiotes are not discovered by this procedure, but they are readily obtained from beneath the scabs by laying the latter on paper in the sun, where next day they are found in small clusters. When the sarcoptes are sought by placing the scabs on the skin of the arm, lest any should have remained behind, the skin should be rubbed with a little oil of turpentine.

With the other forms of parasites mentioned, this precaution is unnecessary. When the sarcoptes has been discovered by means of a lens, it should be placed on a slide in a drop of oil. The preparation should be first placed under an inch objective, and search made for the parasite; afterwards it may be viewed under a higher power.

Treatment.—Begin by washing the dog with soft soap and warm water, scrubbing him with a soft brush, and if any accumulations of scales remain, break them down with the finger-nail; this washing must be performed thoroughly, so as to soften the skin, remove any dried and clotted discharge, and to get rid of as many crusts under which the acari lurk as possible; also to allow of a better action on the skin of the medicament employed. The dressings that are in use are very numerous, and generally practitioners are partial to one of their own. But in making use of any one of them the kind of dog must be taken into consideration. If the case is of long standing it will be of great service to shave the hair off (particularly if a long-coated dog) if a sufficiently smooth surface for the action of the razor can be obtained which is not often the case; but if not, a large quantity can be removed by clipping. The dressing most commonly used is sulphur ointment, and in general it is quite sufficient, provided the whole of the affected parts are dressed, so that none of the acari escape. It may be rendered more effectual by the addition of caustic potash or soda, which will break down the thick incrustations, and allow the sulphur a wider sphere of action. Sulphur ointment has the advantage of being perfectly harmless, and the small quantity that the dog might lick off himself would not hurt him, which is a great consideration; for no matter how carefully the animal may be tied up or muzzled, he is almost certain to get a small quantity into his mouth. McDougal's glycerine sheep-dip has been recommended; it is certainly a good application for sheep, the active principle being carbolic acid, and the mixture being fixed to the coat by the size contained in it; but of its value in the case of the dog, I have not had sufficient experience to speak with any degree of certainty. If it is used, it should be borne in mind that on some animals it has a peculiar and very fatal toxic effect, producing death if not very quickly removed. Gerlach considers creosote the best agent for animals with short hair, and a decoction of tobacco for those with woolly coats. The great objection, however, to creosote is that of its odor, its liability to turn the hair of a dingy yellow color, and to give it a harsh texture, particularly so in white terriers. It should be used diluted with twenty-five to thirty parts of oil. Professor Gamgee gives the following formulae: Creosote 1½ parts, spt. vini rect. 15 parts, water 11 to 14 parts. This lotion to be applied twice or thrice, with intervals of a day or two. The decoction of tobacco is made by pouring 25 or 30 parts of hot water over one of the leaf; in this a dog can be immersed for from five to ten minutes without any injury; but a stronger decoction of from 1 part to 5 or 10 will poison many domestic animals, especially the ox. This preparation is greatly to be recommended, on account of its cheapness and the ease with which it is prepared; it is best applied warm. Petroleum and spirit of tar have been advocated; they are cheap and easily obtained, but are objectionable on account of the smell. Stavesacre seeds make a very good application for pet house-dogs, as they do not smell or discolor the hair; they should be digested in olive oil at a temperature of 100° Fahr., in the proportion of 1 to 8 parts. Various preparations of mercury are in use, the most common being the blue mercurial ointment, or common "blue butter," and the green iodide of mercury ointment. Both these agents require to be used cautiously, on account of the great danger of their being absorbed, and producing salivation. They are only fit to be used when a small portion of the skin is affected; then the ointment is to be carefully rubbed in all round and over the bare spots. In addition to these topical remedies, such systemic ones are to be employed as the exigencies of the case may require. It is highly probable that the irritation will prevent the dog feeding, and reduce him in time to a skeleton; then tonics are indicated. I have found, for dogs in a debilitated condition, the liquor arsenicalis in 5-drop doses three times a day produce good effects, besides acting as an alternative. Sulphate of quinine, in 3 to 5-grain doses in a little dry sherry, is an excellent tonic for small dogs. With these alternatives it may sometimes be necessary to give a laxative, especially in those cases where there is no loss of appetite; it will also serve the purpose of clearing the blood from effete materials, and allaying any febrile symptoms that may be present. With this object, one of the purgative pills before mentioned, or a dose of castor oil, may be given—the animal generally lapping up this latter agent in a little warm milk. Exercise must not be forgotten; but of course, considering the highly contagious nature of the disease, the conditions surrounding the patient must determine the nature of this. It has been recommended by some writers to bed the dog on pine sawdust, on account of the beneficial results of the turpentine contained in it. The drawback to this is the tendency the sawdust has of sticking to any sore that may be upon the body, getting into the coat, and its liability to cake into a hard mass by any moisture that may happen to come in contact with it. All the advantages from the turpentine, and none of these disadvantages, may be obtained by using red pine shavings instead of sawdust; they are easily procured, and are cheap. The material employed for bedding, however, no matter what it is, should be changed at least twice a week, and the old bedding burned. All kennels, etc., that diseased dogs have been in contact with, should be washed with lime in which carbolic acid has been mixed, in the proportion of a pint of the common brown acid to a bucketful of the wash; and no kennel should be inhabited for at least three weeks, if not longer.—*Veterinary Journal.*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Baltimore Specials.

Now that the show at the Hub is over, and as expected was such a grand success, next in order comes that of the Monumental City, the first city in the East to give a successful bench show. Those who were at the Baltimore Show last year will not forget the courteous treatment and warm hearted reception they met with. Like the Massachusetts Kennel Club the Baltimore Kennel Club is composed of practical sportsmen, whose object in holding bench shows is not speculative, but for the true interests for which shows were originated—the development of the dog. In proof of this it is the intention of the Baltimore Kennel Club to use any surplus resulting from the show to the inauguration of field trials in the East during the coming Fall. So worthy an object demands the encouragement and support of the sportsmen of all sections, East, West, North and South, and we are confident the Baltimore Kennel Club will receive it. The Masonic Temple, where the show will be held, is one of the finest buildings in Baltimore, and admirably fitted for holding a show, affording unsurpassed conveniences for the comfort of both dogs and visitors.

During the show a meeting will be held for the discussion and deciding a place and the time for holding the field trials, besides other subjects interesting to sportsmen.

The prizes in the open and special classes are rich, and worth contending for. The specials, which we append, we may remark, represent no fictitious value nor even a retail value, but wholesale or factory prices.

For those attending the show special arrangements have been made with the Carrollton Hotel, a house second to none.

Mr. Lincoln is the superintendent, Mr. John Davidson the judge of pointers and setters, and Dr. Twaddell of the other and non-sporting classes.

The following is the

LIST OF SPECIAL PRIZES:

- CLASS 42.—For the best native setter dog or bitch, any strain. A fine double-barreled breech-loading shot gun, in case, complete, manufactured and presented by Alexander McComas, dealer in sportsman's goods, Baltimore, value \$200.
- CLASS 43.—For the best imported setter dog, any strain, \$25. For the best imported setter bitch, any strain, \$25.
- CLASS 44.—For the best pointer dog, imported or native, any weight, \$25. For the best pointer bitch, imported or native, any weight, \$25.
- CLASS 45.—For the best brace English setters, imported or native. A fine shooting suit, presented by Henry Depkin, tailor, Baltimore, value \$50.
- CLASS 46.—For the best brace Irish setters, imported or native. A fine moleskin shooting suit, presented by Rosendell Bros. & Co., clothiers, value \$35.
- CLASS 47.—For the best brace Gordon setters, imported or native. A corduroy shooting suit, presented by F. L. Sheldon, Newark, N. J., value \$35.
- CLASS 48.—For the best brace pointers, imported or native, any weight. A magnificent cartridge belt, with solid silver buckle, handsomely engraved with the heads of two noted dogs and strings of game, also bearing monogram of B. K. C., value \$60.
- CLASS 49.—For the best brace native setters. A Colt's new model revolver, gold mounted, ivory handle, in case, presented by Edward Melchoir, Baltimore, value \$35.
- CLASS 50.—For the best imported English setter stud dog, to be shown with two of his get. A handsome oil painting—game piece—presented by Don Foster, artist, value \$50.
- CLASS 51.—For the best native English setter stud dog, to be shown with two of his get. A handsome oil painting—game piece—presented by Renben Johnson, artist, value \$50. Also frame for same, presented by Myers & Hedlan, Baltimore, value \$18.
- CLASS 52.—For the best Irish setter stud dog, imported or native, to be shown with two of his get. Two beautiful landscapes, by Way, presented by a member of the club, value \$80.
- CLASS 53.—For the best Gordon setter stud dog, imported or native, to be shown with two of his get. A silver water pitcher and waiter, presented by Canfield, Bro. & Co., Baltimore, value \$25.
- CLASS 54.—For the best pointer stud dog, any weight. A silver cup presented by Trimble & Kleibacker, gun dealers, Baltimore, value \$75.
- CLASS 55.—For the best native English setter brood bitch, to be shown with two of her progeny. A silver wine cooler, presented by Geo. W. Webb, jeweler, Baltimore, value \$35.
- CLASS 56.—For the best imported English setter brood bitch, to be shown with two of her progeny. A subscription to "Upland Game Birds," value \$25.
- CLASS 57.—For the best Irish setter brood bitch, imported or native, to be shown with two of her progeny. A shooting suit, presented by N. Walker & Co., clothiers, Baltimore, value \$40.
- CLASS 58.—For the best Gordon setter brood bitch, imported or native, to be shown with two of her progeny. A splendid hunting coat, presented by H. H. Lucke & Sons, tailors, Baltimore, value \$40.
- CLASS 59.—For the best pointer brood bitch, any weight, to be shown with two of her progeny. A magazine revolver, gold mounted, handsomely engraved, with pearl handle, with one hundred cartridges, presented by E. Remington & Sons, value \$25.
- CLASS 60.—For the best native English setter puppy, dog or bitch, under 12 months of age. A pair of gunning boots presented by Geo. S. Clogg, boot and shoe maker, Baltimore, value \$18.
- CLASS 61.—For the best imported English setter puppy, dog or bitch, under 12 months of age. A fine field glass presented by G. T. Sadtler & Sons, opticians, Baltimore, value \$20.
- CLASS 62.—For the best Gordon setter puppy, dog or bitch, under 12 months of age. Half dozen fine shirts presented by Wm. P. Towles & Bro., gentlemen's furnishing goods, Baltimore, value \$18.
- CLASS 63.—For the best Irish setter puppy dog or bitch, under 12 months of age. Half dozen fine shirts, presented by R. Adams, manufacturer of shirts, Baltimore, value \$18.
- CLASS 64.—For the best pointer puppy dog or bitch, under 12 months of age. A glass ball trap and one barrel of glass balls, presented by A. H. Bogardus, value \$15.
- CLASS 65.—For the best collection of fox-hounds, not less than two couple. A saddle, presented by J. D. Hammond, saddler, Baltimore, value \$20. Also one riding bridle, presented by H. R. McNally & Co., Baltimore, value \$10.
- CLASS 66.—For the best couple of fox-hounds. A saddle, presented by J. H. Boyd, saddler, Baltimore, value \$35. Also a riding bridle, presented by H. W. Herman, Baltimore, value \$15. For the second best couple, a pair of riding boots, presented by Buck, Hefebower & Near, Baltimore, value \$18. For the third best couple, a pair of riding pants, presented by Roberts & Co., tailors, Baltimore, value \$15.
- CLASS 67.—For the best couple beagles. A nickel plated revolver, in case, presented by Phillips & Davis, Baltimore, value \$30.
- CLASS 68.—For the best Chesapeake Bay dog. A complete rubber suit, presented by Townner, Landstreet & Co., dealers in rubber goods, Baltimore, value \$25.
- CLASS 69.—For the best Chesapeake bitch. A complete rubber suit, presented by the Goodyear Rubber Co., Baltimore, value \$25.
- CLASS 70.—For the best Chesapeake Bay dog or bitch puppy, under 12 months of age. Two pairs fleece-lined ducking stockings, presented by J. P. Hartman & Son, Baltimore, value \$10. Also a silver cup, presented by Chas. W. Hamill & Co., value \$10.
- CLASS 71.—For the best dachshund, dog or bitch. A case of hock wine presented by Thos. A. Agnew & Co., Baltimore, value \$10.
- CLASS 72.—For the best fox terrier, dog or bitch. A parlor ride, presented by C. H. Schumacher, Baltimore, value \$10.
- CLASS 73.—For the best Scotch terrier, dog or bitch. A case of wine, presented by May & Fairall, grocers, Baltimore, value \$18.
- CLASS 74.—For the best Skye terrier, dog or bitch. An album, presented by R. Walzl, Baltimore, value \$5. Also one satchel, presented by R. Lawson & Co., Baltimore, value \$10.
- CLASS 75.—For the best black and tan terrier, dog or bitch, any weight. Cash \$10.
- CLASS 76.—For the best pug dog or bitch. 24 bottles "Grand Duchesse Cologne," presented by W. H. Read, Baltimore, value \$6. Also a silver cake basket, presented by Shirley & Son, Baltimore, value \$10.
- CLASS 77.—For the best shepherd or collie dog or bitch, rough or smooth. One pair silver cake baskets, presented by S. Child & Son, Baltimore, value \$30. Also one album, presented by R. Walzl, Baltimore, value \$5.
- CLASS 78.—For the best rough shepherd or collie dog or bitch. A cup presented by Dr. J. W. Donney, East New Market, Md., value \$10.
- CLASS 79.—For the best Chesapeake Bay dog or bitch. Hazard powder, presented by D. J. Foley, Bro. & Co., value \$20.
- CLASS 80.—For the best Chesapeake Bay dog or bitch. 8 bags shot, 25 pounds each, presented by Merchants' Shot Tower, Baltimore, 8 bags chilled shot, 5 pounds each, presented by Tatham Bros., N. Y., value \$25.
- CLASS 81.—For the best English setter, imported or native, dog or bitch. 8 bags shot, 25 pounds each, presented by Merchants' Shot

Tower, Baltimore, 8 bags chilled shot, 5 pounds each, presented by Tatham Bros., N. Y., value \$25.

CLASS 82.—For the best Irish setter, imported or native, dog or bitch. 8 bags shot, 25 pounds each, presented by Merchants' Shot Tower, Baltimore, 8 bags chilled shot, 5 pounds each, presented by Tatham Bros., N. Y., value \$25.

CLASS 83.—For the best Gordon setter, imported or native, dog or bitch. 8 bags shot, 25 pounds each, presented by Merchants' Shot Tower, Baltimore, 8 bags chilled shot, 5 pounds each, presented by Tatham Bros., N. Y., value \$25.

CLASS 84.—For the best pointer, imported or native, dog or bitch. 8 bags shot, 25 pounds each, presented by Merchants' Shot Tower, Baltimore, 8 bags chilled shot, 5 pounds each, presented by Tatham Bros., N. Y., value \$25.

CLASS 85.—For the best native English setter, dog or bitch. Cash, presented by Col. Chas. P. Montague, President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, \$25.

CLASS 86.—For the best pointer or setter, dog or bitch, imported or native. A long-range rifle, presented by Clark & Snyder, Baltimore, value \$75.

CLASS 87.—For the best Chesapeake Bay dog or bitch, short haired. A cup, presented by Clarke & Snyder, Baltimore, value \$15.

Measures, Tiffany & Co., have presented a cup which has not yet been assigned to any class.

Any additional special prizes will be published in the sporting papers. The entrance fee for special prizes will be \$2.00, except in cases where the special is under twenty dollars, when the entrance fee will be \$1.00.

In judging stud dogs and brood bitches, their progeny will alone be considered.

Entries close April 10. Address, CHAS. LINCOLN, Superintendent, P. O. Box, 767.

Breeding.

BY SHAMROCK.

That there has been a great improvement in the breed of setters in this country is very apparent to any one who has attended the bench shows recently given. This is no doubt the result of an introduction of a pure breed from England and the greater interest parties have taken to produce far better dogs than in years past. Even with the improvement already made, the question arises, "Cannot we still continue to improve the different strains until it can be said no country can produce better?" I think we can, but if we do, more attention must be paid to breeding. It will not in all cases do because a dog has been a first prize, possibly a champion prize winner on the bench or at field trial, to suppose he will produce good whelps from all the different bitches that will be served by him; therein lies the great error of breeding. Some parties will breed from a prize winner they have never seen, simply on his reputation. The careful and systematic breeder will do no such thing, for he full well knows that being a winner does not mean perfection—neither does it mean that from all the different bitches he may receive will there be an improvement in the progeny, for he may be deficient in the very same points as the female sent to him. There are many dogs from which better stock would be produced than from the bench show winner so bred. As an instance of the above take Rob Roy, he is no bench show winner, neither has he won a field trial in this country, yet he came from a kennel that has produced some of the best field dogs in England, and when properly mated in this country his progeny have born out the high reputation of the sire. Yet Rob Roy does not "nick" with all, neither do I think there is a dog in America that will produce good stock from all bitches he may serve. Greater attention should be paid to the correct formation as well as qualities of both sire and dam to ensure success. I am strong in the belief that there is no purer bred setter in America than the Laveracks; that being the case where purity of blood is sought, breed to the Laveracks. In formation they excel most of the breeds of the present day, yet some seem to lack in intelligence. Such being the case, select for a dam one possessed of great intelligence, good form and field qualities, you will then surely see an improvement in the progeny. It was by crossing the Laveracks with other well bred dogs that the Field Trial blood originated. Might not a cross in this country with some of our extra natives produce as good or even better than the Field Trial? This can only be told by a trial, and when a person breeds for profit he does not care to try it, simply from the fact that parties will buy and pay high prices for those whose parents have been prize winners but are skeptical on the points of purchasing anything that is not, as they term it, blue blood. Are blue bloods, so called, anything but a cross between the Laveracks and some of the best English breed? Certainly not. Then if this cross has proved to produce a breed superior to either in England, why should it when tested on our native stock, not do the same? I believe it will, and those who breed to improve our stock instead of the profit, will be very liable to have the better dogs before a great while. Do not be blinded by blue bloods, prize winners and long pedigrees, but use good common sense in the selection of your brood bitches, let them have size, intelligence and good field qualities, then to improve their formation and coat, get a cross with the pure Laverack blood, note well the results, and if a second infusion of the same blood will be an improvement try that; rely on yourself to produce by judicious breeding a strain of setters unsurpassed by any, having at the same time the satisfaction of knowing that to have a good setter it is not necessary to say I imported him; how much greater the satisfaction to say I bred him from my old native stock that have served me well and faithfully years before a Field Trial dog was owned in this country. Those who do not breed their own dogs care but little about the breeding, provided he is handsome and good in the field, and there is no doubt that a good dog well trained can be bought for less than most sportsmen could breed and train one for, with no chances to take of dying by distemper and the certainty of having a good one to those whose means admit of it. This is the sure way to get a good dog, see him in the field yourself, or buy of some responsible party whose word can be relied on, and the money refunded if the seller cannot show in the field he has made no false representation in the sale. I often have it said to me if you really believe as you write, why not demonstrate it by producing such dogs as you say can be produced? To such I can only say it takes time, and I am breeding this season the Prairie Rangers to the pure Laverack, having had the pure Laverack bitch Pickles served by the Prairie Ranger Joe. I have also bred the pure Laverack dog Charm to Fanny, a native, and should be pleased to show to those skeptical on the point of this cross, two pups four months old, as good evidence of improvement. I have also bred the Field Trial dog Rake to the Prairie Ranger bitch Pearl, and intend when next in season to breed her to Charm; none of the progeny from these crosses are for sale, so do not think this is an advertisement. I propose to place them where I can in time show whether my views are correct or not; if they all fail I will "throw up the sponge," "take a back seat," and no longer trouble the sportsmen of the country with my views on canine matters.

Give the Natives a Fair Show.

STAMFORD, CONN.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD.—There is one proposed feature of the coming bench show in New York, which I think the majority of American sportsmen will join me in protesting against. I refer to the scheme which I understand has been decided upon to unite the imported and native classes together, or in other words to do away with the imported, and have both native and im-

ported compete in one class. As a matter of economy it is on the "penny wise and pound foolish" order, for I am confident that many native owners will refuse to enter their dogs in a competition which, for more than one good reason, they regard as unjust and unfair.

It is all very well for American sportsmen to feel a proper pride in our native bred setters, and that pride is well founded, for America has shown that in this, as in very many other respects more or less important, she is able to compete with the world. Nevertheless the time is not yet come when such competition as is proposed by the Westminster Club at their next show can be made on a fair and equitable basis. The careful and intelligent propagation of the best strains of sporting dogs is comparatively a new desire in America, and may be said to be still in its experimental stages with us.

The imported setter of to-day is the perfected fruit of cultivation for scores of generations. Even against such an advantage as this the splendid dogs which have been developed on American soil for the past dozen years might successfully compete; but there is another consideration by which, in my judgment, native dogs are almost hopelessly handicapped in the competition proposed. I refer to the prejudice in favor of the imported dogs which consciously or unconsciously exists in the minds of judges in nine cases out of ten. The prejudice I refer to is akin to the common impression that, for instance, English cloths and fine cutlery are necessarily superior to American manufacture of the same character. This used to be the fact of course, but it is not so to-day. Nevertheless the prejudice created by a former state of affairs still exists, and to call an article "imported," whether a dog or a jack-knife, is to invest with a quality of excellence, which, though purely imaginary, is apt to have a more or less potent influence on the mind of judge or purchaser.

Let us continue the native class as such until we are satisfied this prejudice is removed, and then the native exhibitor will have a fair show.

SILVER STRAIN.

Notice to Members of the National American Kennel Club.

By virtue of authority of the Constitution and By-Laws I hereby call the annual meeting of the National American Kennel Club at New York, May 16, at 12 M. The Secretary will give the members the requisite notice of the meeting. Notice of the place of meeting will be given hereafter, and be posted in the Hippodrome during the bench show of the Westminster Kennel Club.

E. H. LATHROP, Pres't N. A. K. C.

JUDGES FOR BENCH SHOWS—ZIG-ZAG REPLIES.—Wilmington, Del.—Editor Chicago Field.—In the CHICAGO FIELD of the 9th inst. I advocated a change of judges, or "More judges for bench shows." That article was stigmatized "the first growl."

Just here I wish to say that the article was written before the judging began, but unfortunately was kept till after the judging was known, before sent. It was, therefore, not the growth of the judging at St. Louis, for I was not there, but was thought of and written before that event, as I have said.

In the CHICAGO FIELD of the 16th inst., Mr. Burges notices and criticizes the article, and among other things too numerous to answer, says:

"The worst of all mistakes is the assumption of a false standard of physical form,"—also, "a false standard may very easily be set up by bad judging, and a lack of true standard will be most surely produced by constant change of judge and constant contradictory awards."

I would ask Mr. Burges if he thinks it lays in "one-man power" to fix a standard? or, in other words, are there not other men in this country who know as much about dogs as Mr. Davidson, and who have no preferences, and who are competent to judge our sporting classes?

Further on in Mr. B.'s article he says: "One who knows Mr. Davidson knows that he prefers a comparatively good large dog to a comparatively good small one." Is this not an acknowledgment by Mr. Burges that Mr. Davidson has his preferences? Do we want preferences in this judging?

I don't like to be drawn into a controversy of this kind, nor would I answer Mr. B.'s article did I not think the question raised one of vital consequence to the welfare of future bench shows. Mr. B. thinks the time has not yet come to change our judges; he wants to wait till the standard is established; here we differ. I think the time has come for a change, and as I have said, I don't think "one-man power" can or should establish a standard.

The question may be asked, who would we get for judges if the change were made? I would answer, men like Capt. Foster, of Virginia; Chas. H. Raymond, of New York, or J. Addison Smith, of Maryland—men who breed fine stock more for use and pleasure than for profit, men who are respected throughout the land among sportsmen, and who have their confidence, and from the high position they occupy are above suspicion. In other words, gentlemen, whose dependence and support is not placed and derived from dog breeding. A judge of this kind is unquestionably placed above suspicion of preference for any particular strain or kennel.

I don't wish to have it inferred that a breeder should not be a judge because he makes a business of dog raising, nor that he is not a gentleman, but I do mean that a judge of the character I have named is placed beyond suspicion simply because he is not a breeder.

I fear I have said some things that will raise a storm, but these are my opinions and I have expressed them openly; take offense those who may, I can not help it.

I would say in conclusion that sportsmen in my section have endorsed heartily my article of the 9th inst. and they wish with me for more judges for bench shows.

ZIG-ZAG.

GO TO BALTIMORE.—Philadelphia, Penn.—Editor Chicago Field:—I am glad to see the Boston show was such a success. I wanted to go but unfortunately could not owing to sickness in my family. But under the management of such men as Luther Adams, W. H. Cowing, John Fottler, Jr., E. L. Doer and others it could not be otherwise. Now comes Baltimore. Philadelphia will be well represented and doubtless other sections of the East. I hope the West will remember how hard the Baltimore Kennel Club worked to aid the St. Louis show. There was no jealousy or cold water thrown on the St. Louis show for fear it would beat Baltimore, but like true sportsmen they did their best towards making it a success. The West should reciprocate. With such men as are conducting it, of the same caliber as the Massachusetts Kennel Club and the St. Louis sportsmen's association, I am in sympathy and ready to lend my humble efforts, for being true sportsmen they have none but the genuine sportsmen's interest at heart, and therefore I go for all hands encouraging them all they can. The prizes are worth going for and we know everything will be above board. I hope to meet our Western friends in strong force at Baltimore.

RARITAN.

MR. WHITMAN'S SPANIELS.—J. H. Whitman having lost or mislaid the memorandum book containing application from parties who desired Irish water spaniel puppies when he was unable to supply them, will give them the first chance of those advertised in this issue.

BLUE BLOODS AND NATIVES.—Kempville, Ont., Canada.—*Editor Chicago Field.*—Would it not be as well if the gentlemen who write so well on both sides of the question would remember the old saying "No man ever had a bad dog." No matter how useless he may really be, his owner will always manage to find out some good point about him. You may think that a stupid, half broken brute, but his owner will always have an excuse for him—such as "scent is bad to-day," "birds are wild," etc., etc., and at the end of the day will say, "Did you see how the old (or young) dog found that single bird in the corner? I'd like to see your blue bloods (or your natives, as the case may be) beat that." As a rule as long as a man gets game over his dogs he is satisfied with them.

In England as in America you can find lots of men who say "I would not thank you for a field trial dog, I'd rather have my own dog;" and others again who wouldn't keep a dog in their kennel unless he was by a public winner. One of the best and most perfectly broken setters I ever saw was bought as a four-year-old for \$20. As regards Gordon setters, I agree with "Woodcock" rather than "Hannibal." I certainly think they are the handsomest of all setters, and in the field as good as any. Some of them are apt to be a trifle headstrong. TRAMP.

WILL TEST IT THOROUGHLY.—Marshalltown, Ia.—*Editor Chicago Field.*—Sometime last Fall one Carkhuff killed a valuable pointer dog belonging to Mr. McGuire, for the express purpose of selling his hide to the glove factory which had offered to buy all dog pelts brought to them. Mr. McGuire suit before a bull-headed justice, who decided that dogs are not property in Iowa, as they are not taxed. The game club has taken hold of the matter and will have it taken to the District court on a writ of error, and if necessary, to the Supreme court. Should they decide in our favor, (which we have no doubt they will,) it is not at all improbable that the villain may look through prison bars for his dog speculations.

Ducks very scarce. No snipe yet.

POINTER.

MR. DILLEY TO MR. WINFORD.—*Editor Chicago Field.*—To the eulogy of Lilly, by Geo. W. Winford, in your issue of March 23, I would add, all honor to the royal beauty; and from her record, and that of her progeny, I would not say a word, to take from her, or them, the honors so justly their due. But in regard to the statement contained therein, the simple truth compels me to state, Mr. Winford has made a mistake in regard to Royal Fan; and to set him right, if he will inform himself, he will find that for her, or any other dog of my kennel, I make no claim, other than they are justly entitled to and backed by record.

S. B. DILLEY.

A REMEDY FOR MANGE.—San Francisco, Cal.—*Editor Chicago Field.*—Among the remedies for red mange prescribed in the books, and so far as I know, quoted in your valuable journal, I have not seen sulphuret of potassium. I have tried it with speedy and remarkable success, applying a solution of three ounces to one quart of water, two or three times a week. I failed with the green iodide of mercury and liquor arsenicalis, and besides the convenience of application did not expose my dog to the danger attending the use of mercury. F. E. S.

THE KILLING OF OBERON.—Our readers will remember the shooting by Tom Allen, of New Jersey, of the Gordon setter dog Oberon, belonging to Mr. E. S. Sanford, Jr., New York, in which the jury rendered a verdict of \$300. Allen has paid the money, which, with the costs and lawyer's fees, foots up the nice little sum of \$450. It is safe to say Mr. Allen will not be in a hurry to shoot another dog.

A MISTAKE IN DECIPHERING.—Nevada, Iowa.—*Editor Chicago Field.*—In your last issue, reporting sales of Pride of Nevada and Drift, (Rob Roy—Di puppies,) should have been C. F. Stevens, instead of "C. F. Steward." Please rectify, and oblige, C. F. STEVENS.

THUNDER.—The Beaver Valley Pennsylvania Kennel Club have sent their Laverack dog, Thunder, to Will L. McCannel to be broken for the Fall field trials.

Names Claimed.

WINONA.—Chicago, Ill.—*Editor Chicago Field.*—I wish to claim the name Winona for my pointer bitch, out of imported Fly, by imported Caro. R. A. TURTLE.

DOLOROSA.—Columbia, Cecil Co., Md.—*Editor Chicago Field.*—I wish to claim the name of Dolorosa for my pointer bitch pup, by Dilley's Ranger out of Dolly. H. S. MAGRAW.

BONNIE BESS.—Dr. Gouverneur M. Smith, of New York city, claims the name of Bonnie Bess for his setter pup whelped June 8, 1877, by Homer out of Flora, out of Dr. S. Fleet Speir's Daisy, by Jerry, out of imported St. Kilda.

QUEEN ANNE.—Baltimore, Md.—*Editor Chicago Field.*—I have received a fine bitch pup out of Queen Bess, by Carlowitz, from Mr. M. VonCulin, of Delaware City, Delaware. I claim the name of Queen Anne for her. She is white with orange ears, and ticked. W. W. WHITE, M.D.

PEARL OF MAURY.—Columbia, Tenn.—*Editor Chicago Field.*—As Mr. Whitman calls my attention to the name of his Prairie Ranger bitch being same as mine, and asks for a change to avoid confusion in the register, I wish you would change mine to Pearl of Maury. I think this will be sufficient. GEO. C. MILNER.

DREAM, SNOW, ETC.—The Kansas City Kennel Club claim the following names: Dream for their orange and white pointer bitch puppy; Snow for their pure white bitch puppy; Gracie for their liver and white bitch puppy, and Maid of the South for their white, with liver ears, bitch puppy, all out of their Fan by Sterling's Sleford.

MARK TWAIN AND HECTOR.—Pomeroy, Ohio.—*Editor Chicago Field.*—I claim the name of Mark Twain for my red and white setter, eighteen months old, and Hector for my liver and white pointer eleven months old. J. DENVER LASHY.

[The sire and dam should always be given in claiming names.—Ed.]

Visits.

BRIDGET—RUFUS.—Wm. M. Smith's (Sterling, Ill.) Irish bitch Bridget to champion Rufus.

CORA—SHAMROCK.—Kansas City Kennel Club's red Irish Cora to their Shamrock (Knowing—Kitty).

FLORA—BUSTER.—V. Boleubins' Flora (English-Irish cross-bred) to F. Churchill's Irish setter Buster.

SHAY—DON.—Kansas City Kennel Club's Shay (old Phil—Vic) to their Don (Dilley's Ranger—Dilley's Queen).

FANNY—SHAMROCK.—Kansas City Kennel Club's Fanny (Miner's Jack—Daisy Dainty) to their Shamrock.

KUTZ—STAFFORD.—St. Louis, Mo.—*Editor Chicago Field.*—My native English setter bitch Kutz, (out of Maude, dam of Dan, winner of 8d in class 7 St. Louis Show,) by Worthington's Ben, to T. W. Stirling's Stafford, (Rake—Dart). JOS. A. WHERRY.

BRIDGET PLUNKET—ELCHO.—Mr. E. J. Robbins' (Wethersfield, Conn.) red Irish setter bitch Bridget Plunket, by Plunket—Stella, to champion Elcho.

MIRAH—RORY O'MOORE.—Mr. E. J. Robbins' (Wethersfield, Conn.) red Irish setter bitch Mirah, by Buck—Flossa to Rory O'Moore, by Rufus—Friend.

Deaths.

DEAD.—Mr. R. B. Morgan has lost from distemper his red Irish setter puppy by Bob out of Duck.

ACE, DEUCE, ETC.—Mr. J. J. Saellenburg (New Brighton, Pa.) has lost by death his three pointer puppies, Ace, Deuce, and Pride of the Beaver.

Whelps.

QUEEN BLANCHE.—Mr. H. W. Fuller's (Indianapolis, Ind.) Queen Blanche, formerly Holabird's, a daughter of old Blamark, has whelped eleven, seven bitches and four dogs, sired by Bergundthal's Rake.

DAISY.—Mr. T. Donoghue's Daisy, prize winner at Chicago and St. Louis shows, has whelped twelve, six dogs and six bitches, lemon and white and black and white, sired by his Llewellyn setter Brussels, by Leicester out of Dart.

Sales.

DREAM.—The Kansas City Kennel Club have sold their pointer bitch Dream to Mr. Wm. W. Smith, St. Louis.

MAG.—Mr. J. T. Blackburn, of Marshalltown, Iowa, has sold to Messrs. J. H. Brunner and S. L. Smith, of same place, his red Irish setter bitch Mag, by Rufus out of Moore's Moss.

BOSTON.—Clinton, Iowa.—*Editor Chicago Field.*—I have received my red Irish pup, Boston, from the kennel of E. F. Stoddard, Dayton, O. He is out of St. Louis Kennel Club's Duck, (late Stoddard's), by Stoddard's Bob. Color, deep red with white frill. GEO. E. POYNEER.

Trap Shooting.

DUBUQUE, IOWA.—*Editor Chicago Field.*—Enclosed please find score of last club shoot, at glass balls; Bogardus rules; three traps; 10 yards apart. This is the best average the club has yet made:

26 single, 21 yards rise.	
J. M. Ballou.....00011 0110 0101 1100 11101-16	
W. Y. Bissell.....1101 1111 1101 1110 11111-23	
C. M. Carter.....1101 00101 1111 1111 10101-19	
W. Rogers.....1110 0101 0101 1101 11010-17	
C. Ware.....1101 1101 1110 1101 01010-18	
F. H. Stout.....1100 0101 1101 1111-15	
J. Glover.....1111 1000 0111 1101 01011-18	
G. Burden.....1010 1110 1000 1010 10101-16	
S. Root.....1010 1111 1101 1111 01111-22	
C. Meyer.....1100 1011 1101 1111 11011-21	
J. Hartig.....1000 0100 1000 0000 10100-8	
C. N. Clark.....1111 0111 1101 1000 11011-19	
W. Wormwood.....0111 1111 1000 1101 01010-18	
Col. Lyon.....1111 1111 1111 1111 00111-24	
C. H. Gibbs.....1100 1111 00010 1110 10111-18	
Maj. Day.....0010 0011 1010 1100 00100-13	
M. Woodruff.....1111 01001 1111 1110-16	
5 double rises, 18 yards.	
J. M. Ballou.....00 00 10 11 11-5	
W. Y. Bissell.....10 11 11 01 01-8	
C. M. Carter.....10 11 00 10-5	
W. Rogers.....00 10 11 11-7	
C. Ware.....00 01 11 00 10-4	
F. H. Stout.....10 00 00 10 10-3	
J. Glover.....10 10 10 10 10-4	
G. Burden.....00 10 10 10 11-5	
S. Root.....00 10 10 01 10-4	
C. Meyer.....11 00 00 11 11-6	
C. N. Clark.....01 00 10 10 10-4	
W. Wormwood.....00 00 00 11 01-3	
Col. Lyon.....01 10 11 11 01-7	
C. H. Gibbs.....11 11 00 11 00-6	
Maj. Day.....00 00 00 00 00-0	
M. Woodruff.....10 10 00 10 10-4	
J. C. G.	

CHAMPIONSHIP OF NEBRASKA.—Omaha, Neb.—*Editor Chicago Field.*—A match for the championship of Nebraska and the Hoagland Cup took place at this city on yesterday afternoon. Mr. J. J. Hardin, of the Field Sportsmen's Club of Omaha, the ex-champion, had been challenged by Geo. T. Mills of the Omaha club. A large crowd was present to witness the result; quite a strong wind blew from the south, but otherwise the day was pleasant, the birds were natives (I mean tame pigeons), they were tame in every sense of the word; some good flyers and hard birds, but most of them were poor and not in the least startled when released from the trap.

The judges selected were B. E. B. Kennedy, of the Omaha Club, and T. B. Lowe, who appointed Major Thornburg to act as referee, and Z. Taylor as scorer. The rules agreed upon were H and T ground traps, twenty single rises at twenty-one yards, eighty yards boundary, otherwise rules of New York State Association to govern. The following is the

Score.

Mills.....1110 1101 1111 1110-17	
Hardin.....1111 1101 00101 1111-16	
The cup was presented to Mr. Mills, the winner, by Major Thornburg. Mr. Mills immediately after the match received two challenges, the first by A. S. Patrick, and second by J. W. Petty, both of the Omaha club. The regulations require the match to be shot within ten days after the challenge. Mr. Hardin won the cup from T. S. Parker, of Plattsmouth, in October, 1876, and had held it since that time. Mr. Mills, the present champion, has held the cup once before. Both gentlemen were not in practice, and neither of them used to shooting from a ground trap.	

CLINTON, IOWA.—*Editor Chicago Field.*—The following is a score of the Eagle Gun Club, of Albany, Ill. Feb. 14. Bogardus traps and rules, 18 yards.

D. R. Lamb.....1111 0011 0010-10	
P. H. Killa.....0011 00101 1111-10	
Wm. Whaler.....1111 1001 1101-12	
Wm. Durant.....1011 1101 1101-18	
Wm. Yopast.....1011 01001 01011-8	
Geo. Quick.....1101 10101 1011-11	
R. Booth.....1101 1110 1011-11	
Ben Quick.....1110 1011 0100-9	
C. J. Woodford.....1011 0101 1010-10	
B. Yopast.....0011 10001 01000-6	
J. E. Short.....1111 0111 1111-14	
W. Rambo.....0111 1011 1101-12	
Mr. J. E. Short, one of your subscribers, handed me this score, as he would like to see it published. I will probably get you some subscribers from Albany. E. H. C.	

TIFFIN, O.—*Editor Chicago Field.*—You will find enclosed the score of our club shoot for the gold badge, at Tiffin, O.

D. Vedder.....1010 1011-7	Wm. Shaw.....1011 1011-8
G. D. Loomis.....1011 1011-8	E. Jones.....1111 1111-10
F. P. Bloom.....1111 0101-8	Mr. Sexton.....1010 1011-7
P. Nymad.....1001 1011-7	J. M. Kaul.....1010 1001-6
T. H. Bagby.....1101 1111-9	

There were a number of very fine guns used; Scott and Greener had three guns in this match that cost over six hundred dollars; E. Jones shot a Clabrough extension rib, laminated steel barrels, that cost less than \$75, and from all that I could observe during the match the preference, if any, for hard shooting was in favor of the Clabrough gun. GORDAN.

PETROLEUM CENTER, PA.—*Editor Chicago Field.*—Match shoot; entrance \$3; purse, \$15; \$22.50 to first, \$13.50 to second, \$9 to third; five single rises each. Ohio State rules to govern. Birds wild and strong; day wet. J. W. Wordon, referee. Ed. Wilcox, scorer.

Score.

Bowser.....1111-5	Wilson.....1101-4
Pearson.....11001-3	F. B. Foster.....00101-3

Clarke.....1110-4	Geotter.....1110-3
McCandless.....0101-3	G. E. Foster.....1101-4
Walster.....1101-4	Higgins.....10101-3
Pattison.....1111-5	Frye.....01000-1
H. G. Davis.....0111-4	W. B. Davis.....00000-0
Irwin.....1111-5	

Ties on 5, at 26 yards.	
Bowser.....111-3	Irwin.....110-2
Pattison.....10w	
A. Bowser won first.	
Ties on 4, at 26 yards.	
Clarke.....110-2	Wilson.....00-0
Walster.....100-1	Foster.....011-2
Davis.....100-1	

Clarke and Foster divided second.	
Ties on 3, at 26 yards.	
Pearson.....110-2	Geotter.....0w
McCandless.....111-3	Higgins.....10-1
J. S. McCandless won third.	

Second sweep; entrance \$3; purse, \$27; \$13.50 to first, \$8.10 to second, \$5.40 to third; five single rises each. Ohio State rules to govern. Open only to members of oil exchanges. W. B. Davis, referee.

F. B. Foster.....00100-1	Layman.....11011-4
Geotter.....11100-3	Curtis.....00001-1
Duncan.....11110-4	N. Lewis.....00100-1
Wilson.....00001-1	G. E. Foster.....01111-4

Ties on 4, at 26 yards.	
Geotter.....101-2	Foster.....111-3
Layman.....111-3	
Layman and Foster divided first.	
Ties on 1, at 26 yards.	
Irwin.....110-2	Curtis.....110-2
Wilson.....100-1	Lewis.....110-2

Ties on 2, at 31 yards.	
Irwin.....01-1	Lewis.....10-1
Curtis.....111-3	
Curtis won third.	

Third sweep; entrance, \$5; purse, \$42; \$21 to first, \$13.50 to second and \$8 to third; three double rises each. Ohio State rules to govern. Ed. Wilcox, referee.

Walster.....10 10 10-3	Wilson.....10 10 10-3
Clarke.....10 11 11-5	H. G. Davis.....10 10 11-4
Pearson.....10 11 10-4	McCandless.....10 11 00-3
Lewis.....01 11 11-5	Layman.....10 10 11-4
Bowser.....11 11 10-5	Duncan.....10 11 11-5
Pattison.....00 11 10-3	

Ties on 5, at 21 yards.	
Clarke.....11 01-3	Bowser.....10 11-3
Lewis.....10 10-2	Duncan.....10 10-2
Clarke and Brewster divided first.	
Ties on 4, at 26 yards.	
Pearson.....11 10-3	Layman.....11 11-4
Davis.....11 10-3	

Layman won second.	
Ties on 3, at 21 yards.	
Walster.....00 w-0	Wilson.....10 01-2
Walster.....10 11-3	McCandless.....10 11-3
Second tie on 3, at 21 yards.	
Pattison.....01 10-2	McCandless.....01 01-2
Third tie on 3, at 21 yards.	
Pattison.....11 11-4	McCandless.....10 00-1
Pattison won third.	

Fourth sweep; entrance, \$2; Purse, \$16; \$8 to first, \$5 to second, and \$3 to third; six single rises each. Bogardus rules to govern. Glass balls, from three traps, Purdy, Bogardus, and Paine, W. B. Davis, referee.

Pattison.....01111-5	Clarke.....11011-5
Wilson.....110101-4	Gordon.....11111-6
Vincent.....010101-3	McCandless.....01011-4
H. G. Davis.....11111-6	

Ties on 6, at 21 yards.	
Gordon.....110-2	Davis.....111-3
H. G. Davis first. Pattison and Clarke divided second. Wilson and McCandless divided third.	

Fifth sweep; entrance, \$3; purse, \$23; \$13 to first, and \$9 to second. Miss and out at 21 yards rise. W. B. Davis, referee.

Pearson.....110-2	Wilson.....110-2
McCandless.....11111-6	Wilcox.....11110-5
Frye.....10-1	H. G. Davis.....11110-5
Clarke.....11110-4	Gordon.....10-1
Walster.....0	Pattison.....10-1
Curtis.....0	

McCandless won first. Davis and Wilcox divided second.	
Same as purse number five.	
Pearson.....0	Cromack.....10-1
G. E. Foster.....0	Irwin.....0
H. G. Davis.....1100-2	W. B. Davis.....0
Pattison.....1100-2	
Davis and Pattison divided.	

CRYSTAL CRASHER.

BOGARDUS VS. BIRDS.—Parkville, L. I.—*Editor Chicago Field.*—On the afternoon of the 22d, ult., Capt. Bogardus shot a match at the Brooklyn Driving Park. He was to kill eighty-five out of one hundred, shooting at fifty double birds for \$400.

Shortly before the shooting commenced well filled carriages came in from all points, but when it was announced that the extravagant entrance fee of one dollar was being charged, many drove away, and several gentlemen remarked, as they entered the grounds, that they would not encourage such imposition, or visit the grounds a second time. So great was the general dissatisfaction, that the admission was reduced to fifty cents, and soon the shooting ground was covered with an anxious crowd of spectators.

Just before the shooting began the wind blew fresh from the West, and the traps were changed to accommodate the shooter.

The Captain shot at two birds as a trial, killing the first and hitting the second hard. Divested of coat and vest the Captain stood with gun in hand ready to kill the first birds at 2:15. Before and after the shooting had commenced, bets of ten to four were made and quickly taken, that the eighty-five birds would not be killed. The birds were a mixture of species, though they were remarkably strong and quick flyers.

When the nineteenth pair had been shot at sixteen birds had been missed and the Captain had lost the match. The score was as follows: Bogardus.....10 10 11 10 11 01 00 10 11 01 10 11 00 11 00 11 01 11 10 10 10 11 10 10 11 00 01 11 10 00 11 11 11 10 10 11 10 11-63.

When the shooting was over Mr. Ira Paine remarked that he could kill seventy under the same rules as shot by Capt. Bogardus, and do it with a seven pound gun.

It is probable that Mr. Paine will shoot and attempt to kill seventy birds out of fifty pairs soon after the expiration of ten days. J. H. B.

TRAP AT KENSINGTON.—Mr. Green Smith invited a party of friends to his place at Kensington, Ill., and gave T. Stagg orders to bring pigeons there. 250 birds were on the ground at 10 A. M.—130 wild birds, and the first birds of the season, the others tame ones. Mr. Smith shot at 100 wild birds himself, and bet 60 cents that he would kill 60 out of the hundred; but the birds were extra good.

Green Smith.....0***1 *10* 1111 10000 00001 *000 00001 11*00 01000	
11000 01010 11111 *010 001** 00*1 *1000 1001* 00001 1000* 11100	
0*10 11*01-59.	

* Second barrel.
T. Stagg was referee, and F. J. Abbey was judge for the above shoot from five ground traps.

After the above match, Mr. Green Smith and T. Stagg shot a match; 55 birds each—tame and wild—for the birds and 11 cents a side. F. J. Abbey referee. Green Smith and Stagg judge for each other.

Green Smith.....01001 01*0 01*0 100*1 *011 *0*0 *00*0 110*1 00*0	
*0*0 10111-31.	
T. Stagg.....11*11 0*0** 10101 00011 10*10 11*0 *0*0 010* 01100 00010	
0*0011-32.	

* Second barrel.

THE REMINGTON GUN.—Pittston, Pa., Feb. 28, 1878.—Messrs. E. Remington & Sons, 283 Broadway, New York. Gentlemen:—The No. 10, 28-inch pistol-grip breech-loader which you made for me, I have given a thorough trial, and it gives entire satisfaction in every particular. For distribution and penetration it can't be beat. At 30 and 40 yards I can put almost the entire charge of shot (No. 8) within a circle of 36 inches, and so evenly distributed that no bird of any size could escape. I would advise all sportsmen wanting a good gun to buy the "Remington." Yours truly, J. W. BRAGG.—[Advertisement.]

Chicago Field.

To the Trade.—News Dealers will be supplied with the CHICAGO FIELD through the Western News Co., to whom all orders should be sent.

Subscription Rates.—One year, \$4; six months, \$2; three months, \$1; strictly in advance. United States postage free.

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N. ROWE, (MOHAWK)..... Editor and Manager.

CHICAGO, SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1878.

THE CHICAGO FIELD BADGE.—The badge donated by us for short range competition in the George H. Thomas Post (G. A. R.), of which we give this week a cut, was won by Comrade M. W. Lyman after a sharp contest with a score of 460 out of a possible 500. The badge is pure gold, and while stated to be worth \$35 is indeed worth more. The shooting in the ten contests through which it passed was unexceptionably good, as our readers have doubtless observed from the scores we have published at different times. The second prize of \$20 was won by Dr. D. B. Freeman, the third \$10 by Col. J. A. Shaeffer; the fourth \$9, by J. C. Borchardt; the fifth \$7, by W. H. Chenoweth; the sixth \$5, by S. M. Tyrrell; the eighth \$3, by B. J. Gleason, and the ninth \$1, by Col. L. H. Drury. The leather medal was awarded to Phil. Gunlock, who, upon being called on for a speech, stated his determination to hold it against all comers.

Last Friday evening the occasion of the presentation was availed of by the members of the Post, to give a ball and entertainment to their friends at Owsley's Hall. About 250 ladies and gentlemen were present. After a few introductory remarks by commander E. D. Swain, the prizes were presented by Dr. Rowe after a short speech.

THE AMERICAN STUD BOOK.—Subscribers to the work are informed that the third volume of Bruce's American Stud Book, for thoroughbreds, will be ready for delivery on the 10th of April next. Price \$10, mailed free to any part of the United States or the Canadas. As an inducement to new subscribers, a complete set of the Stud Book, three volumes, will be furnished for \$25. Breeders and owners of thoroughbred stock will find the third volume of this publication indispensable to them as a work of ready reference, as it contains, in addition to many omissions and corrections, all the importations of thoroughbred horses from and including the year 1873, up to the present time, all native horses and mares with their produce, not enumerated in the two preceding volumes, besides the foals of the present year that have been dropped up to the date of this issue. Contrary to the established usage of similar publications, the proprietor of the Stud Book has made no charge for registering animals therein, and, in return, feels justified in soliciting the patronage of turfmen generally to this useful work.

THE PROPOSED WESTERN CIRCUIT.—That a Spring Western circuit will be held, is now a matter of doubt. With the transfer of Dexter Park to the stock yard corporation, that course becomes a thing of the past, and with the additional fact that Milwaukee declined to hang up the prescribed amount, turfmen may look to the Michigan Circuit, and the new St. Louis Association for their field of operations. Col. Mansur is making overtures with Aurora, Ill., to hold a meeting in connection with the latter, and if the programme is carried out, it will be about as follows: Free for all, \$2,500; 2:20 class, \$2,500; 2:22 class, \$2,500; 2:24 class, \$2,500; 2:30 class, \$1,500; 2:35 class, \$1,000; 2:45 class, \$1,000. A special purse of \$1,000 for Rarus to show three heats, with \$500 added if he beats 2:14 will also be offered. At this juncture, Chicago is without a race track, and this lethargy will not be removed until the new and energetic association at St. Louis demonstrates that racing can be made a success, with good management.

CHAMPION JOE JR.—We publish this issue a portrait of Joe Jr., belonging to Mr. George W. Campbell, of Carter's Creek, Maury Co., Tenn. Champion Joe Jr. is a light red and is by Dr. Jarvis' champion Elcho, and out of his owner's Buck Jr. At the 1877 Tennessee Sportsmen's Association's Field Trials at Nashville, he won the Champion Stakes in a large and hot contest, and with his dam was placed second in the Brace Stakes. He is a remarkably fleet dog, possessing unsurpassed field qualities, and won his honors fairly and squarely. He is a wonderfully game dog, as proof of which, the fact that he had but a short time prior to the trials recovered from an attack of distemper, and on the days he ran and for several days previous, one eye was almost closed, and one side of his face was covered with a raw sore; nevertheless, put down in a swampy place in which were underbrush and briars he faced them as though he was in the open, never wincing, but following his birds until he brought them to a stand and came to a staunch point.

STRENGTHENING EASTERN RACING INTERESTS.—The leaven of turf vitality is working strongly in the East, and that the popularity of the turf is established there is evidenced in the determination of several members of the American Jockey Club to perpetuate racing at Long Branch, N. J., by the purchase of Monmouth Park, the sale of which has been announced for Friday of this week. The parties to the transaction are such prominent turfmen as Messrs. August Belmont, Pierre and George Lorillard, D. D. Withers, Wm. Astor, Mr. Wetmore and others. In view of the immense concourse of visitors during the watering season, its establishment as the Ascot of America is a matter of the near future. Additional announcement is made that Eastern turfmen are endeavoring to make the yearly meeting at Washington, D. C., worthy of the national capital, and that application will be made to Congress for a charter.

A BABY MONKEY.—Last Friday a pig-tailed monkey gave birth to a baby in the Zoological Gardens, Philadelphia, which is doing well and is believed to be the first monkey baby born alive in America north of the Gulf of Mexico. The reason of their not propagating in this country is ascribed by some zoologists to the irregularity and extremes of the weather, and by others to the absence of some kind of food which the monkeys find in their native haunts.

THE TIGHT SHELL AND TRYING FOR A DOUBLE.—Our numerous readers will be pleased to hear that Mr. Zimmerman has made arrangements for chromos of the two magnificent pictures, The Tight Shell and Trying for a Double, which we published in our Christmas number. They will be ready to be issued in about thirty days, due notice of which, as well as the price and place where they can be had, will be given in these columns. We have had so many requests that Mr. Zimmerman would have these pictures chromoed that they can not otherwise than meet with a very large sale, more especially as they will be executed in the very best style and will be a pair of pictures that sportsmen will want to adorn their walls, since they bring back to memory in the most forcible manner two scenes familiar to every sportsman.

PERSONAL.—Mr. T. H. Scott, of England, who came out to attend the St. Louis and Boston shows, returned to England in the City of Berlin on Saturday last. While here, Mr. Scott made many warm friends, who will gladly welcome him back, which will be to attend the Chicago Show in 1879. We had a visit on Monday last from Professor Chas. Linden, of Buffalo, who is in the West on a snipe shooting trip. At Lemont on Saturday last he bagged 17, but finding the birds wild and scarce, he left there and passing through the city went to Aurora on Monday afternoon where he will remain a week.

BOGARDUS GOING TO EUROPE.—Captain Bogardus intends to go to Europe early in June next and offers to shoot a match against any man there at 100 birds, single or double, for from \$1,000 to \$2,000, any rules. He gives the option to any one accepting his challenge of making *Bel's Life* the stakeholder or appointing one.

THE BALTIMORE SHOW.—We publish in our kennel columns the special prize list of the Baltimore show. The entries close on the 10th of April. All entries mailed on the 10th will be received.

GILLMAN VS. NICHOLS.—In the match between Messrs. E. H. Gillman, of Detroit, and John Nichols, of Syracuse, the former won.

[From our Special Correspondent.]

The Boston Show.

The show has been a great success and all are well pleased with the treatment they have received. Every possible facility has been afforded to members of the press.

The show was held at Central Court, in a large, fine building with four floors including basement, where the dogs were received, and boxes and food for the dogs kept. A good bath tub was provided for washing dogs. On the first or ground floor were shown English and Irish setters; on the second floor, Gordons, pointers, spaniels and Chesapeakes, and the balance on the third floor, on which also Parker Bros. and the American Arms Co., each showed a fine case of guns. The walls of this department were tastefully decorated with an elegant lot of sporting scenes—principally oil paintings.

The stalls were the best we have ever seen, being of a good quality of dressed lumber.

The judging was done on the middle floor in a good, roomy, light place. The details of the show were complete in every particular much to the credit of Mr. Lincoln; and the judging itself was the best we have ever seen and gave general satisfaction. Mr. Davidson never was in better spirits, and worked very hard. The pointer dog, Snap Shot, was refused admittance on account of being mangy.

The dogs as a whole were a good lot, the native English setters and small pointers being the best classes.

The judging commenced at 10 o'clock Tuesday morning with the champion English setters, which were only an ordinary lot, Gladstone winning easily; and when we consider the high quality of the dogs shown in the open class, we fail to recognize the propriety of commending the balance so highly. The bitches were a better lot although not what we should expect in a show of this magnitude. Mr. Charles' Rose, the winner, is a bitch that will bear inspection, but lacks the grace we look for in a dog fit to win the championship. Her dam Nina, and Clip each got a V.H.C.

Class 2 brought out only two, Dr. Jarvis' Elcho and Berkley. The decision, though a surprise to some, was as Dr. Jarvis acknowledged, a just one, Berkley having filled out since he was beaten by his sire at St. Louis. The bitches in this class were only medium. The St. Louis Kennel Club's Loo II having been withdrawn the honors went to their Biddy, a neat bitch, but a trifle under size. Mr. Brainard's Fanny and Mr. Develin's Moya, each got an H.C.

Of the Gordons that faced the judge not one was a second class animal. Mr. Farrar's Rupert was the choice of the lot, being perfect in all respects except markings, which might be better. Mr. Marble's Grouse, a very taking dog, but rather light-made for this class of dog, and Mr. Wagstaff's Kent, a tight little dog, richly deserved the V.H.C. they received. Dinks we thought scarcely equal to them, and we should only have given him an H.C. Mr. Copeland's Shot, a real good one, was entered not for competition. The bitches were not nearly as good as the dogs; Mr. Farrar's Fan won a very easy first over Lou V.H.C. who has a very poor head. Mr. Wright's Gipsy got an H.C.

In class 4, champion pointers, a half dozen very fine dogs were in the ring either of which would suit the most fastidious pointer fancier. Sensation won a good first, Strong's Pete, Orgill's Flake and Rush, and Sterling's Sleaford, each coming in for a V.H.C. Mr. Ward's Scout, and Mr. Shelton's Fosco getting H.C. and Heustis' Don a C. The bitches in this class were, with the exception of Mr. Orgill's Rose, a very neat lemon and white, a poor lot, and Kit, Gipsy and Buff we considered scarcely worthy of the V.H.C. they received.

In class 5 for imported English setter dogs more than half were first-class animals. Mr. Sumner's Lelaps richly deserved first, and Mr. Scott's Pound second; after which our choice was Fliske's Wagner, a dog of the most perfect symmetry but under size. Lincoln & Hillyar's Frank II, V.H.C., Wilson's Scott, and Von Lengerke's Jersey Duke, each H. C., should have been placed after the little dog. Of the bitches three only were worthy of notice, Diana, Rose and Clip; the former one of the most graceful bitches we ever saw with, however, a poor head, deservedly got first, Rose second, and Clip and Fanny each V. H. C. Both the dog and bitch puppies were fair, several quite good. Mr. Smith's Temple Bar got first in the dogs, and the same gentleman's Lass o' Gowrie won in the bitches. Between the winner and Mr. Nesbitt's Dora II there was, however, little to choose.

After this class followed the native English setter dogs which by long odds were the best we ever saw. There were fifty-four entries and among them but very few poor ones, and about a dozen that were fit to be seen in any company. After narrowing them down to about six Mr. Davidson went at the difficult task of picking out the winner. Between Daniel Webster

and Mr. Water's Grouse there was little to choose, the former having the better chest while the latter was a bit better in head and stifles. So close was the race between them that it was very difficult to choose the winner, 1st finally was awarded to Daniel Webster. Among those that got a V.H.C. none could be found that did not deserve it. Dr. Carleton's Dash, a very fine young dog, was not commended, only because he was in splendid company and did not carry himself well up among such a number of dogs. Upon seeing him out we think he deserved a V.H.C. Although the bitches were more than ordinary, they were by no means up to the dogs in quality. Mr. Forsyth's Di took first place over Mr. Tallman's Jenny, Baltimore Kennel Club's Czarina and Mercillott's Pet. Between the three there was really little to choose for second place. Jenny was a little sharp in the nose, Pet a bristle thick in the shoulders, while Czarina was a little out at the elbows. However Jenny, who got second, we should have placed fourth. The dog puppies were a fair, good class, a number being more than ordinary. Dandy, the winner, Mr. Daniel's Stub and Mr. Newhall's Don were three very handsome pups and full of quality, more particularly to be commended for their symmetrical forms combined with good size. The bitches were not equal to the dogs, Mr. Stowe's Norah first and Tierney's Moll V.H.C., the best in the class.

The Irish classes throughout were with a few exceptions rather below the average. In the open class for dogs the St. Louis Kennel Club's Sting II won the first place upon his fine form; with the exception of a little deficiency in his hind legs and being a shade lighter in color than some of the others he is a good type of the Irish setter. Second place properly went to Lincoln and Hillyar's Dash whose weakest point is his head. Guy and Scout, though rather taking dogs, have not the true form of the Irish setter being rather heavy made and too thick in the skull. In the bitch class there were three very good ones shown. The St. Louis Kennel Club's Duck, the Baltimore Kennel Club's Frounce and Mr. Tileston's Flora; the former one of the best bitches of this class we ever saw, won easily notwithstanding she was hardly up in color to the other two. Between Frounce, winner of second and Flora, there was little to choose. The dog puppies as well as the bitch puppies were few and only ordinary. The St. Louis Kennel Club's entry in each of these classes were absent. The first in the dogs went to Mr. Hanley's Larry while Mr. Adcock's Rhue took the best place among the bitches.

Class 8 for native Irish was very poor, there being but three that were worthy of the name. The balance were cross bred. The prize dog was rather a shapely fellow but had a decided black tinge on his coat. The bitches were an improvement on the dogs. Mr. Daniel Sharp unfortunately entered Zoe, a handsome orange and white bitch in this class that should have gone in the English class, where she would have scored high. The puppies were better than the dogs.

The Gordons were a grand lot. Besides the winners and those that received a honorable mention there were a number of more than ordinary dogs. Mr. Belcher's Ned, a remarkable, handsome black dog took our eye, but having only a shade of tan could not get a place. Mr. Dutton's Snipe, a nice little dog, objected to being interviewed by the judge and some time elapsed, during which there was a lively skirmish, before he would consent to be looked over. He was highly commended for his general make up to which a V. was prefixed, we suppose for style.

The bitches were a splendid lot, all good ones. The puppies were only ordinary.

Pointers over 50 lbs. were a very attractive class, but upon close inspection it was easy to see that as a whole they were hardly up to the mark. Three or four were quite good. Aside from the winner among the bitches there were none worthy of a V.H.C. G. A. Strong's Fan (instead of Davis', as in our telegram,) won first; S. C. Alden's Peg second.

In the class for small pointer dogs there were some better specimens. Mr. Thomas' Dash which won first, Mr. Strong's Ben, that secured second, and the Westminster Kennel Club's Flake II were three very nice animals. Bitches in this class were decidedly better. Orgill's Rose deservedly got first, and Ruby, her full sister, second; after which three richly merited the V.H.C. they received. The pointer puppies was the best puppy class shown, there being among them a number that will be heard of favorably hereafter.

Chesapeake Bay dogs and Irish water spaniels were only fair. Mr. Whitman's entries easily won the two first places in the spaniel class and the Baltimore Kennel Club got first in dogs over Mr. Keeler's Russia, in the Chesapeakes; Mr. Hammond getting first and second in the bitches.

The cocker, clumber and field spaniels were only fair.

Fox-hounds were very good, and couples that got an H.C. were really high rate animals.

Beagles and dachshunds were light.

Fox terriers were fully up to those generally shown in this country.

Among the greyhound there were a few quite good ones.

In the non-sporting classes Dr. Twaddell, of Philadelphia, and Mr. T. H. Scott, of England, gave good satisfaction as judges with the exception of the toy dog classes. In these every one should have got a ribbon at least. It was of no use for the judges to try to explain to the ladies why their dogs were beaten. "Oh!" we heard a lady exclaim to Mr. Scott, "can't you give my dear little pet a ribbon," just something to show he was noticed. How the gentleman could have the heart to refuse we cannot see. Not to be beaten in this way the ladies by some hook or crook managed to get ribbons around their little darlings' necks after they got out of the building. The best of the non-sporting classes were shepherds and pugs which were quite fair. Yorkshire terriers were also good. Mr. Scott threw out Scotch and Dandie Dimmont terriers.

In the special class for the best kennel of English setters, Mr. Smith's entry secured the prize, closely pressed by Mr. Nesbitt's. The St. Louis Kennel won easily the Fox gun for best kennel of Irish setters. The prize for Gordons went to Mr. Farrar who showed a fine collection. Mr. Tilley showed in this class a good, even lot, but when narrowed down to five he could not win.

There were several fine kennels of pointers shown, but none quite good enough to beat Mr. Orgill's entry. We were surprised to notice that the Westminster Kennel Club, an institution especially for pointers, had no entries in this class. Mr. Whitman's kennel of water spaniels won easily the pride of place.

The prize for best English setter stud dog went to Mr. Smith's Paris. We should have given it to Rock, as we considered Rock's two puppies, (Rhoebe and Hamlet,) a trifle better than those shown with Paris. Rock may not have been quite equal to Paris, but the difference in the dogs scarcely made up for the difference in the puppies. Elcho, won the prize for the best Irish setter stud dog. Marble's Grouse, closely pressed by Tilley's Count, secured the honor for best Gordon; while Orgill's Flake went to the front among pointer stock dogs; there was quite a sharp competition for the prize given for the handsomest head, dog or bitch: Rock justly got the prize.

The sweepstakes for the best setter, dog or bitch, in the show brought out a fine collection. After bringing it down to Gladstone, winner in champion English class, Berkley, winner in champion Irish class, and Mr. Thayer's Daniel Webster, the

judge properly awarded the place to Gladstone, who besides being a grand dog, was shown in the very pink of condition.

After the show we called on Mr. Al Watts, 164 Lincoln St., the owner of Turk, the prize fox terrier. Mr. Watts keeps a large dog repository where we found some fine animals, and everything particularly clean and neat. C. B. WHITFORD.

Game and Shooting.

Sportsmen's Fixtures for 1878.

New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, Buffalo, May.
Connecticut State Sportsmen's Association, Hartford, May 15.
Iowa State Sportsmen's Association, Des Moines, May 23.
Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association, Fremont, May 21 and 22.
National Sportsmen's Association, Wilkesbarre, Pa., June 11.
Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, Quincy, June 11.
The Pennsylvania State Association for the Protection of Game and Fish—Wilkesbarre, June 11.
Ohio State Sportsmen's Association, Cincinnati, June 15.
Tennessee State Sportsmen's Association, Nashville, Dec. 2.
Wisconsin State Sportsmen's Association.
Massachusetts State Sportsmen's Association—at call of President.
Missouri State Sportsmen's Association.

Two Remarkable Shots.

BY LAZY ALIC.

In the issue of the CHICAGO FIELD of March 16th your correspondent H. M. M., of Pueblo, Colorado, tells of some remarkable shots that he has made. I am of opinion that he must be a good antelope hunter, and knows whereof he writes. I do not doubt any of his statements, though they may sound strange to some of your Eastern readers.

I wish to tell your readers of two remarkable shots, one made by a hunter friend, the other made by myself.

Fall before last I was in camp on the buffalo grounds beyond the narrows on the Big Wichita, and over towards the headwaters of a tributary of the Pease River, called by the Indians Good Creek, because of the fine hunting and fishing it afforded them.

We had spent the forenoon in shooting buffaloes, and had shot and killed until we were tired out and thoroughly satisfied with the sport for that day; had partaken of our dinners after returning to camp early in the afternoon. After dinner we were seated around the camp fire enjoying our pipes, recounting the adventures of the day and swapping yarns, as hunters generally do.

Whilst thus occupied we saw a large band of antelopes supposed to number from 300 to 500 coming across the plains at full speed. They would pass within a few hundred yards of our camp. Some said let us take a shot at them as they pass, others said no, we have had shooting enough for to-day.

One of the hunters, Charlie Massie, paid no attention to what was said; jumped up, snatched up the first gun he saw, which was my Sharp's rifle, mounted into the saddle, and ran his horse at full speed for about 800 yards, which brought him in about 200 yards of where the herd would pass. When they were nearly opposite he fired his first shot, but held too high, and the ball passed over them. He threw another cartridge into the gun, and when they were nearly opposite fired the second shot.

After the band of antelopes had passed two large buck antelope lay kicking on the ground in the agonies of death, and the third one badly wounded attempted to follow the herd, but was making slow progress. The dogs soon picked up the wounded one, making three full-grown buck antelopes at one shot.

I had loaded the cartridges for buffaloes, and instead of seventy seven grains of powder—the usual load—I had used ninety grains, thus giving an extra charge of powder. The ball caught the first one through the hips, breaking the large bones and killing him dead; the second was struck in the shoulders, also killing him almost instantly; after passing through the second one it caught the third one in the side, passing directly through the body, including the liver, in its course, and from the effects of which it would have died in a very short time.

The other shot was made by myself at deer. Many years ago before the days of Sharp, Winchester and Ballard rifles, I was shooting a muzzle-loading rifle that we called Kit Carson. It had been manufactured by Mills, of Kentucky, for the world-renowned hunter and mountaineer, Kit Carson. He had used it for several seasons on the plains and in the Rocky Mountains on the grizzly bears and other game. After using it for a good many years he returned on a visit to his native state, Missouri, and presented the gun to a friend of his who brought it to Texas, and from whom I got it; it was of good weight and twenty-two round balls weighed a pound.

One evening one of my neighbors, Mans Wilmeth, came over and asked me if I did not want to go and kill a deer that night; he said he wanted some venison, and if I would go he would go along and help what he could. As I was always ready for a hunt we were soon off and reached our camping place time enough to have a good strong cup of Java and enjoy a pipe before it was dark enough to hunt.

It was my custom then to shoot directly at the eyes, and if I did not find the game where it was standing when I shot I knew I had made a clear miss—I either shot it through the head or it ran off without being wounded.

I had ridden about half a mile when I saw some deer, got down from my horse so as to get a good shot, and moved up towards them. They were on the smooth prairie; the night was damp; the grass was green and I knew I could get within easy range of them. I had approached within seventy-five or eighty yards of them; as I approached they had moved so that the three pair of eyes were one just behind the other, but could all be seen; I knew then was the time to shoot. I threw the gun to my shoulder, took good aim, and pulled down. As soon as I could distinguish after the report of the gun, I heard a tremendous kicking and thrashing around in the tall grass. I stepped to the place as soon as I could and saw three old bucks on the ground. By the time I reached them two had quit struggling and were about dead; the third one was laying quite still. I could see the blood running from both sides of his neck, six inches behind the ears. He eyed me very intelligently, and I could see him wink his eyes, which was a sure sign that he had not received a fatal shot, but would be up on his feet before I could load my gun. I had no pistol in my belt, and knew I must lose him if something was not done quickly. I called to Wilmeth and he came in a run; he was a big, stout, resolute fellow. I showed him the buck and told him to go up carefully, catch him by the horns, and mount him.

I could see the buck wink his eyes, and I knew as soon as Mans touched him the buck would be up on his feet; I knew the buck could not hurt him with his horns as the velvet was on them; he caught a good hold with his left hand on the root of his left horn and then threw his right leg over his body. He had not more than touched the buck when he was up on his feet and Wilmeth riding him around on the prairie.

It would have done your heart good; you would have laughed till you could not have stood up, to have seen Wilmeth and that buck in their struggles. Wilmeth hung to him and stayed on his back for several minutes, but the buck soon got him off his

back, but he hung to his horns with both hands like grim death.

Said I, "hold to him, Wilmeth." "Oh," said he, "there is no use in talking, you bet your bottom dollar I have got him." They kept spinning around and round through the tall grass. I could see that Wilmeth was getting tired, and that the buck was getting better all the time.

The buck had been trying to horn him, but the points of his horns were soft with velvet, and Wilmeth was so stout in the arms that he could not hurt him. The deer now changed his tactics, and began pawing him with his fore feet and kicking him with his hind feet. The hoofs were very sharp, and made the blood come from Wilmeth's arms and legs freely. I had made several attempts to ham-string him by a stroke with my belt knife, but the deer and Wilmeth flew around so and changed places so fast, that I could get no chance to cut his ham-strings, which would have let him down at once.

Wilmeth's hat was gone, his pants, drawers and shirt were fast disappearing, and without some relief the buck would soon have him entirely naked. During all this time, both had been on their feet, but now the deer had him down on his back, but he hung to his horns with both hands, and the buck was dragging him around so fast that I could not keep up with them in their quick rounds; I saw he was failing, and about this time the deer was on top of him with all his feet, and Wilmeth had the deer's head drawn down on his breast, and was still trying to hold him. Said he, "now, don't fool around any longer; if you are going to do anything, do it, for I cannot hold him much longer." Said I, "how can I do anything, when you get around so fast that I cannot get to the deer with my knife?" "Well, then, why don't you shoot him?" Said I, "My gun is lost in the grass, besides if I had it, it is not loaded and I have not seen it since the scuffle commenced."

About this time the deer made a big lunge, and away he went, leaving Wilmeth flat on his back, completely exhausted and most of his clothing torn from him. "Well," said Wilmeth, after he had somewhat recovered his breath, "what a great shame, there is a fine buck lost just for the want of a little help."

The next morning I took the track, followed it for three or four hundred yards, and found him lying in a small thicket nearly dead, and finished him by a shot through the brain.

On examination, I found the bullet had struck the first one in the corner of the left eye, passed through his head, and caught the second one under the left ear, passed through, and took the third one through the top of the neck, as we call it in Texas, creasing him. Thus you see, I disabled three old bucks at one shot, with a rifle, so as to get them.

McKinney, Texas.

Fragments.

BY BLACK NED.

In consideration of the day being rainy and unpropitious for roaming in hopes of catching a glimpse of that mythical Wilsoni, I thought I would drop a few lines to the CHICAGO FIELD, and at the same time return my thanks to "Justitia," of Chicago, for his gentlemanly, dignified, and above all truthful criticism. The intended severity of his sarcasm reminds me of a little anecdote; it is ancient but very applicable to the present question.

An Irishman, seeing a squirrel up a tree, asked a sportsman: "Would you loan me the use of your gun to shoot that squirrel on the tree beryant." Certainly replied the Nimrod. After Paddy had shot, he was asked: "Did you kill the squirrel?" "Faith and I did not," said Pat, "but if he had been at my end of the gun, he would be dead sure." I must say in conclusion to this brief reply, "Justitia" has my sincere sympathy from this self inflicted recoil; in future let him aim with more accuracy, and above all, when he has some disagreeable facts to consider, never allow the loss of temper to steal away his common sense.

In writing to a friend, now sojourning in Florence, Italy, I have authorized him to purchase for me twenty-five or fifty braces of *perdrix rouge*, commonly known as French or red legged partridge. I am fully satisfied if they will bear acclimatization successfully, they will prove a great acquisition to our game list, from the fact they are very hardy and prolific birds. (A very necessary requisite in these days when a sportsman's reputation depends upon the head of game he can slaughter in the shortest given period of time.) They are not migratory to any great extent, their habits resembling our ruffed grouse, but differing from this timid, shy bird in lying well to the dog, affording capital sport in the field and a most edible morsel on the table. I am confident, if afforded proper protection until thoroughly grafted on Yankee soil, that they would succeed admirably in South Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, and in all the "Solid South." Having mentioned this little enterprise to a gentleman in New York, who is an active member of a prominent sporting organization, he said he would take \$100 worth himself, and guaranteed them the best of protection. Another gentleman said he would take some for his place in Maryland. My sincere hope is that I can succeed in the introduction of this bird.

I had a little occurrence happen to me the other day which turned into a very pleasurable surprise. While in Squire's gun store, I was informed that a Mr. J. Palmer O'Neil was looking for me, and found on being introduced, that he wished my co-operation in a test of chilled *versus* soft shot for personal satisfaction as regards their relative merits, the test to be conducted on his new patented "Standard" tester, for ascertaining the pattern and penetration of guns, powder, shot, shells, wads, etc., which I feel fully justified in saying is the most simple, effective, compact, accurate and inexpensive tester I have yet seen, and in the last five years I have witnessed personally some hundreds of methods and forms of private and public trials. If Mr. O'Neil can only succeed in having all sporting associations and private individuals confine their trials to the "Standard," it will accomplish a need long felt among sportsmen—a test which is comparative. I can assure any one that it is not only a real pleasure but engrossing to conduct experiments on this tester, and my best wish to the inventor is, may it become universal as well as standard.

Our Spring opens early, farmers are busy plowing and in some instances planting. But they must not lose sight of the fact that the latter part of March can be as business like as the tail of a wasp. Woodcocks are nesting. Ducks are reported plenty for this section in Newark Bay, Pine Brook, and in fact all the suburban localities which they frequent.

My dogs are coming out like silk this Spring, save my pup Mohawk, which, as Johnny Bull says, is doing the distemper beautifully. But I hope with friend Dille's cure, which has not failed me yet, to bring him to the front in condition for the New York Bench Show in May. It is quite a disappointment, as I intended to show him at Boston. So ends cherished hopes, etc.

I cannot refrain from noticing with pleasure the well merited and deserved praises the Fox gun is receiving from all quarters. I have never used one in the field, but as far as handling, material, smooth working, durability and strength of action, it seems to me the gun *par excellence* of American manufacture; and far superior and preferable to the many cheap English ones which are glutting our markets. While on the topic of guns I

must add my mite on the small bore question. It is a source of gratification to me to notice the question of small bores being agitated, and I sincerely hope they will once more occupy the position in the hands of our gentlemen sportsman they did in days gone by. It is high time the 10-gauge, 10-lb. gun with its five to six drachms of powder should go into disuse for field shooting. I am having made by my favorite maker—Tolley—a 14 gauge, which I will receive during May, and will test it thoroughly with its cousin, my 10 gauge, 9½ lb. From my English advices I notice our friends across the herring pond are using extensively 16 and 20 gauges. The latter I think is going to the opposite extreme of the 10 gauge. I hope this subject will receive a thorough ventilation in your columns. I intend to ventilate it at some future period.

I am awaiting with pleasure and impatience a visit from "Gloan" during his tour East, and, Mr. Editor, if the gun question is not overhauled to a threadbare condition, then I miss my guess.

The New Game Law of Iowa.

DES MOINES, IA.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—I herewith send you a copy of our new game law. It is not quite my ideal of a law, but it will be found mainly good, and a move in the right direction. Great credit is due President L. L. DeLano, Secretary Henry Miller, Messrs. Ingersoll, Magill and other officers and members of our State Association for their efficient work and influence in procuring this enactment.

Our fish culture law and fish-way law were finally passed after being defeated and reconsidered, and I will send you copies of them as soon as I can procure them.

It will thus be seen that the work of our State Sportsmen's Association has been crowned with a success seldom achieved even by older societies of its kind.

Next May will be our first anniversary, and from present indications we hope and believe that our meeting then will be as successful as the past efforts of the Association. Its \$150 badge will be a prize worthy of our steel, and our Des Moines club will try to "centralize" it. ELAND.

CHAPTER 156.

An Act to repeal sections 4048, 4049, 4050, and 4051 of the Code, chapter 69 of the public laws of the Fifteenth General Assembly, and chapter 122 of the laws of the Sixteenth General Assembly, in relation to the protection of game, and to enact a substitute in lieu thereof.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Iowa, That sections 4048, 4049, 4050, and 4051 of the Code, chapter 69 of the public laws of the Fifteenth General Assembly, and chapter 122 of the laws of the Sixteenth General Assembly be repealed, and the following enacted in lieu thereof:

SEC. 2. It shall be unlawful for any person within this state, to shoot or kill any pinnated grouse or prairie chicken, between the first day of December and the first day of September next following; any woodcock between the first day of January and the tenth day of July; any ruffed grouse or pheasant, wild turkey or quail, between the first day of January and the first day of October; any wild duck or snipe, goose or brant, between the first day of May and the fifteenth day of August, or any wild deer, elk, or fawn between the first day of January and the first day of September.

SEC. 3. It shall be unlawful for any person at any time, or at any place within this state, to shoot or kill for traffic any pinnated grouse or prairie chicken, snipe, woodcock, quail, ruffed grouse or pheasant; or for any one person to shoot or kill during any one day more than twenty-five of either kind of said named birds; or for any one person, firm or corporation to have more than twenty-five of either kind of said named birds in his or their possession at any one time, unless lawfully received for transportation; or to catch or take, or attempt to catch or take, with any trap, snare or net, any of the birds or animals named in section two (2) of this act, or in any manner wilfully to destroy the eggs or nests of any of the birds hereby intended to be protected from destruction.

SEC. 4. It shall be unlawful for any person to kill, trap or ensnare any beaver, mink, otter, or muskrat between the first day of April and the first day of November, except where such killing, trapping or snaring may be for the protection of private property.

SEC. 5. It shall be unlawful for any person, company or corporation to buy or sell, or have in possession any of the birds or animals named in section two (2) of this act during the period when the killing of such bird or animal is prohibited by said section two (2) except during the first five days of such prohibited period; and the having in possession by any person, company or corporation of any such birds or animals during such prohibited period, except during the first five days thereof, shall be deemed *prima facie* evidence of a violation of this act.

SEC. 6. It shall be unlawful for any person, company or corporation at any time to ship, take or carry out of this state any of the birds or animals named in section 2 of this act; but it shall be lawful for any person to ship to any portion within this state any game birds named in said section 2, not to exceed one dozen in number in any one day during the period when by this act the killing of such birds is not prohibited; provided, he shall first make an affidavit before some person authorized to administer oaths, that said birds have not been unlawfully killed, bought, sold or had in possession, are not being shipped for sale or profit, giving the name and postoffice address of the person to whom shipped and the number of birds to be so shipped. A copy of such affidavit, endorsed "a true copy of the original," by the person administering the oath, shall be furnished by him to the affiant, who shall deliver the same to the railroad agent or common carrier receiving such birds for transportation, and the same shall operate as a release to such carrier or agent from any liability in the shipment or carrying of such birds. The original affidavit shall be retained by the officer taking the same, and may be used as evidence in any prosecution for violation of this act. Any person swearing falsely to any material fact of said affidavit shall be guilty of perjury and punished accordingly.

SEC. 7. If any person shall kill, trap, ensnare, buy, sell, ship, or have in possession, or ship, take or carry out of the state, contrary to the provisions of this act any of the birds or animals named in this act, or shall wilfully destroy any eggs or nests of birds named in this act, he shall be punished by a fine of ten dollars for each bird, beaver, mink, otter or muskrat; twenty-five dollars for each wild deer, elk or fawn; and ten dollars for each nest or the eggs therein, so killed, trapped, ensnared, bought, sold, shipped, had in possession, destroyed or shipped, taken or carried out of the state, and shall stand committed to the county jail for thirty days, unless such fine and costs of the prosecution are sooner paid.

SEC. 8. If any railway, express company, or other common carrier, or any of their agents or servants, knowingly receive any of the above mentioned birds or animals for transportation or other purpose, during the periods heretofore limited and prohibited, or at any other time except in the manner provided in section six (6) of this act, they shall be punished by a fine of not less than one hundred nor more than three hundred dollars, or by imprisonment in the county jail for thirty days, or by both such fine and imprisonment.

SEC. 9. If any person shall shoot or kill any wild duck, goose or brant with any swivel gun, or any kind of gun except such as is commonly shot from the shoulder; or shall use any medicated or poisoned food to capture or kill any of the birds named in this act, he shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction, shall be fined twenty-five dollars for each offense, and shall stand committed to the county jail for thirty days, unless such fine and the costs of prosecution are sooner paid.

SEC. 10. Prosecutions for violations of this act may be brought either in the county in which the offense was committed, or in any other county where the person, company or corporation complained of has had or has in his or their possession any birds or animals herein named, bought, sold, killed, trapped or ensnared in violation of any of the provisions of this act.

SEC. 11. In all prosecutions under this act, the court before whom the same is brought shall appoint some attorney-at-law for the purpose of managing the prosecution of the cause, and such attorney shall be entitled to a fee of ten dollars in each and every case in which he is so appointed, and the person filing an information under this act shall, in case of conviction, be entitled to a fee equal to one-half of the amount of the fine imposed on each conviction; and both the fee of such attorney and informant shall be taxed as costs in the case against the person convicted. Provided, that the county shall in no case be held liable for said attorney's fee or penalty.

SEC. 12. All acts and parts of acts inconsistent with this act are hereby repealed.

SEC. 13. This act being deemed of immediate importance, shall take effect immediately after its publication in the Iowa State Register and the Iowa State Leader, newspapers published in Des Moines.

Approved March 25, 1878.

VALPARAISO, IND.--Mr. Holabird writes from Valparaiso, Ind., that snipes are there in large numbers, but wild.

Ducks.—E. H. Gilman and W. Edwards, of Detroit, returned from Hall's Rancho with 100 ducks, the result of two days' shooting.

LaSALLE, ILL.—Mr. T. Donoghue writes us from LaSalle, Ill., that snipes are putting in an appearance. He killed six on Saturday last.

MOBILE, Ill.--*Editor Chicago Field*:--H. A. Steward was out last Friday and bagged a fine lot of jack snipes; the first ones in this market this Spring.

SHOOTING IN ARKANSAS.—Mr. Edmund Orgill had two days' shooting on Grand Prairie with Mr. T. M. Horsfal. They found the snipes rather scarce but bagged over a hundred in two days.

TAYLORVILLE, ILL.—Jack snipes are now in order in this vicinity and several of our sportsmen have been making fair bags, but they them very wild a not nearly so numerous as in former years.

KERR-E-SPONDENT.

JACK SNIPES.—Columbus, Ohio.—*Editor (Chicago Field):*—On Tuesday, the 19th inst., Mr. Hagerty had the honor of killing the first Jack snipes of the season, in this vicinity—only three, but they were in fine condition. On Wednesday another gentleman killed four. Few good bags are made, but in Champaign and Marion counties many good ones are made. The prospect is good.

St. Louis.—*Editor Chicago Field*:—Col. Hunt and I start next Tuesday for King's lake after snipes. A number of fine bags have been made near here lately. Jake Sedam and Joe Lucas brought in 294; Frank Carter, C. Lucas and Gesken got thirteen dozen; Clay and M. C. Capelle drove to Elm Point, twenty-five miles, and back, same day, and bagged ninety-four; Joe Card and Sel Edgar brought home about fifteen dozen. A St. Louis delegation will go to Quincy to the State meet meeting, and very likely a team of the Gun Club will go to Louisville to shoot that club during their races. J. W. M.

GUIDO'S BAG.—Memphis, Tenn.—*Editor Chicago Field*:—When you have a good thing, share among friends; and I wish I could declare a dividend of true pleasure from the fund just received on Grand Prairie, Ark., from two days sniping with a companion, "Uncle George." We gathered in 166 birds; three dozen were quails, sixteen were strutting and crowing cock plumed grouse, and the balance scolopax Wilsonii, longbills. The route was from St. Charles on White River to Prairie Centre on the Little Rock Railroad, and south of Porter's Rancho. We passed through 300 acres of blooming violets, gemmed with red and yellow wild flowers, nature's grandest bouquet. I was charmed with the working of my young Countess—Mack setter, "Mack Campbell," and Mr. J. W. Smith, of St. Charles, is educating a team of "yaller dogs" expressly for the Nashville Field Trials, Dec. 2.

GUIDO.

HOW THE JUDGE LOST HIS BREAKFAST.—Austin, Texas.
Editor Chicago Field:—Some time since, as Major W. and myself were driving over the prairie fifteen miles from Austin, I discovered a large hawk perched in the most solemn and dignified manner upon the limb of a tree, closely resembling in the distance a judge of the supreme bench with his coat buttoned to the chin. Hawks are numerous here, and there was certainly nothing unusual or remarkable in the appearance of this one except that the locality which he had selected bore a suspicious significance. We were both perfectly familiar with the spot and knew the tree upon which he was sitting hung over a pool of water a favorite place of resort for blue wing teals; so with these facts before us and a knowledge of the habits of our rapacious friend, it required no great strain of our perceptive faculties to come to the conclusion that the judge was on watch with the confident hope of getting a breakfast from the proceeds of the pool. Accordingly we made up our minds in double quick to frustrate his design, and at the same time, if possible, add something to a light bag of game. The horses were headed in the proper direction and in a short time flat upon our bellies with gun in hand, we were worming our way through the tall grass, making slow but sure progress towards the pond. In the meantime the judge, who had been an attentive observer from the first, seemed to conclude that all this twisting through the grass foreboded no good to him, so gently turning his body and making a graceful bow he soared up several hundred feet into the air. We were not after him, however, and kept steadily on until in position, when, cautiously raising my head, I discovered not twenty-five yards from where we were lying a large flock of teals quietly feeding upon the water unconscious of danger. A quick signal is made to my companion, our guns are leveled, and a simultaneous report is heard. There was a great fluttering in the pool, but having no time to devote to the dead and dying our remaining barrels were brought to bear upon the survivors now retreating as fast as their wings could carry them away, and again the trusty breech-loaders did the work with fatal and telling effect. The four barrels exacted a handsome toll, twelve out of twenty-four lay dead upon the water. We spread out the beautiful birds upon the bank, and after admiring them for a minute, we tied them up in pairs and suspended them to hooks in the game wagon, and then rolled out for home, leaving the full-breasted judge hovering around, evidently chagrined and annoyed at having been disturbed when he was anticipating a quiet breakfast.

C. G. J.

WASHINGTON NOTES.—Washington, D. C.—*Editor Chicago Field*:—A bill has been introduced in Congress for the preservation of game birds in this District, a copy of which I send herewith. There are some of the provisions of this bill that are not altogether approved by the shooting fraternity here, but it is better than none, and we hope it may be able to save some of the game birds from ruthless slaughter out of season.

A game dealer in our market named James Skidmore has woodcocks on his stall for sale now. He keeps them covered, but any one who wants to purchase can always get them. Even quails appear on the hotel tables, when shooters (legitimate) imagine they are preparing for the coming brood. This man gets game in season and out of season from all the pot-hunters up and down the river, and nearly every oyster plunge that comes up the river brings him a bunch of woodcocks.

A short time since a pot-hunter was arrested by a policeman more vigilant than his brothers, and fourteen woodcocks found on him. He was taken before the U. S. District Attorney, and he accepted his personal recognizance in the sum of *four dollars*, and you may rest assured he failed to appear when called. We seem to have our hands tied. The pot-hunters laugh at the laws, and even if arrested by some hocus pocus known to themselves they are never brought to trial.

We have attempted a number of times to keep up a protective association here, but have failed for want of help on the part of the members. In most such organizations members seem to think all they are required to do is to sign the constitution and that the thing will run itself without money or work on their part.

For the last week we have had better duck shooting than at any other time during the Winter. The weather is cold and the ducks are flying beautifully.

Sulpes are plenty on the marshes, but my companion and I are prevented by business from giving them a shot, and the only feathers we see fly is when we break one of Ira Paine's new glass balls.

Mr. Livy Frank, of Mt. Vernon experience, has received a pair of puppies, which delight the hearts of us. He told me one had a seal skin head, but I clapped a piece of ice on his head, and he said he meant slightly seal brown. The pups are out of Queen Bess by Carlowitz.

We hope soon the Big Injun who runs the CHICAGO FIELD
will soon recover his health. JACK SNIPE.

CHILLED VS. SOFT.—Chicago, Ill.—*Editor Chicago Field*:—It seems to be the principal objection to chilled shot that its hard and unyielding nature must be an injury to the gun, particularly in the case of the choke-bore.

My own mind was so uncertain in the matter that I thought it necessary to subject my own gun to some quite severe tests, often using a large quantity of the hard shot to see if actual injury had resulted. Just one year ago Hasdell rebored the right barrel of my No. 12 gun so that the average target was 500 Chicago 8 soft shot inside a thirty inch circle, at 36 yards. Since then that barrel has been used almost exclusively, and has been shot some 10,000 times, the last 800 of which were with the New-castle and Tatham hard shot, the latter of which I consider the best. After this severe work, with a view of seeing not only how the hard shot had effected the gun, but also how the Hasdell system of boring would stand the severe wear, I made several targets, as follows: 33 yards, Baltimore No. 9 soft shot, inside a 22-inch circle, 518; same again, same size circle, 484; Chicago, 8, soft, 36 yards, 30 inch circle, 515; Chicago, 8, 21 yards, ten-inch circle, 400; the charges being $4\frac{1}{2}$ drs. powder, $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. (struck) of shot. Very satisfactory proof to me that not any harm came from the chilled shot, and that the system of boring was very good.

Regarding the extra penetration of the hard shot my tests were only to satisfy myself and were very imperfect, being made at a whitewashed board fence, measuring the depth of the shot with a pin. It seemed that the No. 9 chilled would sink twice as far as the Baltimore 8 soft, and a little deeper than the Newcastle shot of a size larger, the hard shot being perfectly round when cut out, while the soft were flattened out of all shape, and in shooting at birds, even so far back as 31 yards rise, the hard shot rarely remained in the bird, almost invariably going through and through, and smashing bones very badly; while I lost one important match through a soft shot No. 8 striking the large wing bone of a tame bird and flattening all around it without breaking or injuring it, the bird being also body shot, dying out of bounds where it was gathered and examined.

As a result of the above and many similar tests, my motto in all shooting hereafter, whether in the field or at the trap, will be "Chilled forever; soft never."

E. T. MARTIN.

RECAPPER'S VIEWS.—*Editor Chicago Field*:—Poor "Recapper," how the would-be wise ones of your columns do "go for his hair." Well Mr. Editor, I always wear my hair short and I don't feel that "Glen Highland," "Bell Muzzle" and the rest, have hurt me any. I am glad to see that my former opponent "Decapper" has saved me the trouble of giving "Dale Highland" a rap over the knuckles. I don't bear malice for what "Decapper" has said of me, because I am satisfied he misunderstood me; and now I thank him for cautioning "Dale Highland" as to how he writes.

Well gentlemen, I have read all your letters, and so far as I can see, my fault (in your opinion), has been that I would not puff the make of gun you each thought best. Did it ever occur to you, or any one of you, that perhaps "Recapper" had too much self respect to puff any gun or maker against his own private convictions? It is my way when I see a good thing in a gun or action, to speak of it for the benefit of those who may not have seen it, and to do this without any regard to who the maker may be. Some of you think I am biased in my opinion, so I will just let you into a little thing that may enlighten you to the contrary. Within the last year I have been written to by six different parties for advice about purchasing a gun, each writer giving the name of the action he liked best, and asking my opinion about it. I wrote them just what I thought were the good points of the actions named, and also some of the bad ones. The result was six guns were purchased, aggregating in value \$550. But now comes the important point. Of those six guns, three were American, two Birmingham and one a London built gun.

All of these gentlemen would have bought of any maker, English or American, that I might have chosen to puff, had I been inclined to do such a thing, but I hold myself above such trade tricks, *and they knew it*, and so came to me for advice. What think you, gentlemen, is "Recapper" writing in the interest of any maker?

Remember in future, all of you, that I owe neither you nor the gunmakers any favors whatever, and when I write of a gun or an action, the maker is the last man I think of. As some of you seem to live under glass, be careful in future how you throw stones.

RECAPPEL.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NOTES.—A correspondent writes from South Ackworth, N. H.: "They are shooting our partridges fearfully and we do not know what to do with the fellows that are doing it. They say they don't care a d—n for the law, and there is no one that dares to interfere, so we have to grin and bear it." If our correspondent and others would show these pot-hunters that there is a law which they have to care a d—n for they would soon stop their evil practices. A weak-kneed policy is consenting to the act, and gives violators of the law encouragement to continue their nefarious practices. All is necessary is determination. Show a bold front and these braggarts and defiers of the law are the first to come to heel like a whipped cur; such is our experience.

SPRING DUCK SHOOTING.—Chesterton, Porter Co., Ind.—*Editor Chicago Field*:—I cannot find in our revised statutes of '77 any law against Spring duck shooting. I was given to understand that such a law was in force, and have informed sportsmen (Query) that Spring shooting was illegal. Now, if there is such a law, please give it in your next issue, for I am always trying to protect the fin and feather and assist in capturing poachers, but if there is no such law I want a hand in. If the club at Tolleston would send me some copies of the Indiana law I would distribute them, so the scamps could not plead ignorance. LYNX.

[The law says it shall be unlawful to kill any duck from the 15th of April till the 1st of September.—Ed.]

BUFFALO NOTES.—Buffalo, N. Y.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—Eight snipes were shot near the city last week. Preparations for the State Show, which is going to take place here some time in May or June, are being made. Mr. John Ennis, of Chicago, who is now walking 400 miles in the rink, was referee for one of the clubs last week. J. E. P.

DELEGATES TO THE ILLINOIS STATE CONVENTION.—Quincy, Ill.
—*Editor Chicago Field*.—I herewith send you the list of names of
officers of the "Gem City Gun Club," of Quincy: J. J. Metzger,
President; T. Abbott, Vice President; A. Zimmerman, Secretary; J.
Manning, Treasurer. Delegates to State Convention.—J. J.
Metzger, T. Abbott, J. Manning, H. Schnous, M. Heberlin,
Alternates.—A. Zimmerman, F. Wellman, B. Miller, H. Schley,
P. Brown. W. B. HAUWORTH.

A NEW CLUB.—Midland City, Mich.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—We have a game protective and shooting club just organized here. The following are the officers elected: P. L. Tremper, President; Geo. A. James, Vice-president; W. W. McAlpine, Secretary; Milton Anderson, Treasurer; Executive Committee, Frank Olmstead, Theodore Bacon, Wm. Davidson. **TREMPER.**

RIFLE IN COLORADO.—Denver, Col.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—The match for our club medal took place to-day. It was a beautiful, fine day, and some of the shooting though thus early in the season was pretty good.

ty good.	800 yds.					900 yds.					1,000 yds.				
C. Gove.	5	5	5	5	5-35	3	4	5	5	5-30	5	5	5	5	4-35
M. Spangler.	5	5	5	5	5-31	5	5	5	5	5-32	4	5	5	5	4-36
W. J. Fay.	5	5	5	5	5-32	4	2	4	5	5-29	5	5	5	5	4-35
W. J. Fay.	3	5	5	5	5-33	5	5	3	5	5-30	5	5	5	5	4-32
F. Church.	4	5	5	5	5-33	4	3	4	4	4-28	0	5	0	5	5-16
J. M. Swem	4	4	5	5	5-31	5	5	0	5	5-26	5	0	5	0	5-20
J. P. Lower.	4	0	4	4	0-17	2	5	0	0	3-17	0	3	5	0	0-9

Total score—Fay, 86; Spangler, 89; Church, 76; Miner, 86; Swem, 68; Gove, 90; Lower, 43.

Mr. Chas. Gove holds the medal for a month, till next shoot, when he will have to hold it against all his club mates.

COLORADO.



CHICAGO-ENG.-CO.
THE CHICAGO FIELD BADGE.
Won by Myron W. Lyman.

SHARP SHOOTING.—Mr. M. Farrow, who is traveling in the Far West in behalf of the Ballard rifle, gave the citizens and marksmen of Alameda, Cal., a taste of his quality as a short-range marksman. Twenty shots, off-hand, at 200 yards, on the three-quarter inch ring target, the centre counting 25. The following is the score:

First ten shots—20 21 25 24 25 21 21 25 24 25—331. Second ten shots—24 19 24 24 22 17 24 21 24 19—217. Twenty shots, total—548.

This shooting led to considerable discussion among those using the Swiss rifle, and a challenge match for coin in the tapie—breach-loaders vs. muzzle-loaders. Mr. Farrow is to use the Ballard breach-loader and fire fifty shots without cleaning.

RIFLE AT SALT LAKE.—The following is the score of the match for the Pioneer badge, shot yesterday, ten shots at 200 yards, to rule:

Mr. Hill of the Amateur Club in practice made	45	44	45	44	44	42
F. C. Sharkey	5	5	4	4	4	43
J. H. Latey	3	4	4	4	4	38
O. Vandercook	4	3	4	5	4	38
R. W. Dye	5	3	3	4	3	37
H. Spiers	4	3	3	4	3	34

—Salt Lake City Tribune.

G. H. Thomas Post Rifle Club.

The contest for the Ballard rifle which has been going on in this club in their gallery, off hand, has been brought to a conclusion with the following result: A. O. Ordway, 1st prize, a Ballard rifle; J. C. Borchardt, 2d prize, value \$5; W. H. Chenoweth, 3d prize, value \$4; G. Underwood, 4th prize, value \$3; Col. Swan, 5th prize, value \$2; H. Ahrens, 6th prize, value \$1. The conditions were open to all members of the post, barring certain who were excluded for previous winnings and scores; the rifle to be won by the highest score during the competition and the other prizes by the next highest scores by other members. These conditions differ from those usual in the club which are the best average of scores, and not the highest aggregate to win; Mr. Borchardt would have won under the regular conditions. The scores were, Ordway, 49; Borchardt, 48; Chenoweth, 41; Underwood, 46; Swan, 44; Ahrens, 43.

A RIFLE ASSOCIATION FOR MAINE.—Portland, Maine.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—I send you list of the members of the newly-organized rifle club. We hope to have some practice shortly if the weather holds fresh as it has been doing: Enoch C. Farrington, of Frydberg, President; Frank G. Patterson and J. M. Haynes, Vice-presidents; E. C. Farrington, L. C. Daniels, Geo. O. Besles, G. L. Bailey and W. A. Stillings, Directors.

BLANK.

MINIATURE RIFLE NOTES.—Mr. J. K. Milner, the crack long-range marksman, writes us from Black Rock, Dublin, that "we have established a short range rifle club here called the Miniature Rifle Club. It was barely started when we got a donation of £5 from Major Leech for prizes."

Answers to Correspondents.

W. S. S., Piermont.—I have a young dog and am making my first experiment in breaking. I wish to teach him to range close when required, how can I do this? Ans.—Fasten a check cord to his collar and pull him when he gets to the end of it, at the same time giving him a blast of the whistle and a wave of the hand in the new direction you wish him to go. If he goes too fast make him moderate his pace by pulling upon the cord and using the word steady, till he comes to approximate the action and the command and to obey promptly.

Serran, Belloneville.—You tell us to give aconite and belladonna alternately for distemper until lungs are working right. Tell us what to do next. Are we to stop there or shall we give other remedies. What shall we commence with when distemper does not specially attack the lungs—shall we give aconite and belladonna then? 3. What printed work is the highest recognized authority for the treatment of distemper in the dog? I see Mayhew's authority is questioned. 4. Is your correspondent "Archer" the author of "Diseases of Dogs" in Hall's Sportsmen's Gazetteer? 5. Has he recently been kennel editor of *Forest and Stream*? Ans.—1. No. Aconite and belladonna are given with a view of equalizing the heart's action, thereby regulating the pulse, and the flow of blood to the lungs, relieving those organs. Aconite is a *nervous sedative*, and acts by its sedative influence upon the nervous system, and reflexly upon the heart. Belladonna is given with like intent, though it acts differently, being an antispasmodic and *arterial sedative*; it acts by contracting or constricting the muscular tissue of the arteries; it contracts the pulmonary artery, thereby decreasing the flow of blood to the lungs, thus decreasing or relieving congestion. To answer your question fully, it would be necessary to give a thorough pathological description of the disease, for which we have not space. The lungs are *always* more or less affected in distemper; aconite and belladonna or aconite and veratrum viride (the latter is usually preferable to belladonna) should be continued so long as there is congestion of the lungs, or the heart's action is *stiffler* or irregular; it will probably be found necessary to use these remedies throughout the disease, but they may be advantageously combined with muriate of ammonia, which is alterative and expectorant. Quinine may be given, as it acts as a tonic, and also exercises special influence over the motor action of the heart of the dog (though not in man) where given in sufficient doses; doses of less than two grains for an adult animal should not begin except the specification of small doses be desired, which is to *increase* the heart's action. Carbonate of ammonia is desirable where the disease is of a low type. It is well to continue the use of muriate of ammonia for some time after the animal has (apparently) recovered, combined with Squibb's sweet spirits of nitre, and minute doses of Norwood's tincture of veratrum-viride. Tincture or solid extract (the fluid extract is worthless) of oca may be used advantageously throughout the disease, as husbanding the resources of the animal, as a tonic, a sedative to the nervous system generally, and as preventing waste of tissue. Calomel is also of value in the early stages of distemper; but muriate of ammonia must not be given for at least twelve hours after the former has operated *thoroughly* (its action to be promoted by sweet oil or Rochelle salts); calomel is the lesser chloride of mercury, and the muriatic acid of the ammonia combines with it, making the greater chloride (corrosive sublimate), causing inflammation of the stomach and salivation, if the action has not been thorough. 2. There is no thorough treatise on distemper or diseases of dogs extant. We shall soon publish an exhaustive article on distemper from the pen of "Archer." 3. Yes; and no one regrets the inaccuracies of that work more than himself. He had but a week to prepare the material, meantime attending to other duties, and had no opportunity to correct or revise the proofs. 4. He was associate editor of that journal up to Oct. 25th, 1877, during which time he superintended the kennel department.

S. W. D., East St. Louis.—I have a young dog that has been taught to charge. I am now training him to stop at the word, but he confounds the two and drops. How can I break him to do what I want? Ans.—Take him by your side with a short cord attached to collar. Walk along and give the command you intend to use, enforcing it by a slight jerk and steady pull on the cord. Stop yourself and stand perfectly still; if the dog charges take him by the collar, raise him forward, then place your hand under his belly and lift up his hind parts, repeat the command and hold the dog up till he stands without struggling. Patience in this course will teach him the difference, and when he gets over the idea by varying the commands and making him sometimes drop and at others stop he will soon get to understand and obey you.

C. B. R., Pittsburgh.—I am about importing a setter for my own use but am undecided whether to purchase an Irish, Gordon or English dog. I see by the reports of English field trials that very few, except English setters, have won prizes. Why is this, are the Irish and Gordons inferior as breeders to the English? Ans.—The reason that the Irish dogs have not made more winnings of field trials, is probably due to the fact that but very few of them have ever been entered. In England it is natural that the largest number of entries should come from the breed most extensively bred there, and the fact that the first importations of our so-called blue bloods were from the same strain, has made it the fashionable one here.

A. F. C., Syracuse.—I have a dog that is broken out all over his body in places. The skin is dry and scurfy, not raw, and does not appear to be inflamed. He evidently itches, as he scratches himself constantly, and where he scratches or bites himself the hair comes off. He has been fed on boiled corn meal and meat scraps, and is quite fat. What is the trouble, and how can I cure him? Ans.—The case is probably one of surfeit. Change the food to bread and milk if possible; if not, give less meat and add vegetables. Give five drops Fowler's solution twice a day, and wash the dog with Glen's sulphur soap two or three times at intervals of a couple of days.

G. S. F.—I have a Newfoundland dog two years old that has canker of the ear for the last eight months. I have tried various prescriptions and these have helped but not cured the trouble. I have washed the ear with castile soap. The ear discharges a yellow wax matter. Ans.—In a case of such long standing you must not expect a speedy cure; we have never failed to cure by syringing the ear gently three times a day with tepid castile soda, followed by filling the cavity with ordinary solution of carbolic acid, and working this well in. Sometimes weeks of this treatment are necessary, but it has always been ultimately effectual.

E. A. C., Shreveport.—I have a pup that is suffering from chorea, resulting from distemper. I have tried several remedies but they have done no good; can you advise me of any treatment that will be beneficial? Ans.—In our issue of March 2d you will find an article upon this disease and its treatment, by our correspondent, "Archer." You cannot do better than follow his directions.

Z. S. B., Summit City, Pa.—Is the McKoon strain of spaniels pure bred cockers. I own one and have had several men (that are supposed to be judges of the breed) claim they are not. Ans.—They are.

S. A. A., Sheldon, Ill.—A. Valentine, Jausville, Wis., has a 13 lb. single barreled gun that he will sell you cheap.

Sand Snipe to Von Culin.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—

I love my horse, my dog,
My brave comrades.

—INGOMAR.

In reply to Mr. Von Culin's article of this last week I will merely say briefly, that I did not propose to make my first article on spikes the precursor of a personal controversy between the advocates of divers theories; nor do I contemplate suffering my pen to disgrace myself and the columns of the CHICAGO FIELD by utilizing it to satiate an inimical feeling. The very fact that I am at a distance of a thousand miles from my adversary should itself be enough to prevent me from saying on paper what I would not face to face with him or any man. Yet, at the same time I deem it but just to state facts, and am sure they can do no one harm who uses them, whilst in this instance, any false inferences which may have been deduced from my tirade upon spike collars can be dispelled, and Von Culin satisfied.

I purchased Peg, a cocker spaniel, from S. J. Bestor, a gentleman well known to your readers and highly esteemed by all who have either business or friendly relations with him. I purchased her in September, '76, she being only six weeks old then. If memory serves me correctly—and I rely upon its tenacity in this case—in January, '77, after correspondence with Von Culin and consultation by letter with Mr. Bestor, I determined to allow Peg to be trained by him (V.C.), and accordingly begged Mr. Bestor to send her to Delaware City, which he did.

I had only read and heard of Von Culin as a breaker up to that time. Von Culin was much pleased with the pup, as is clearly evinced in the clipping from his letter to Bestor, saying, "Mr. H—'s pup, Peg, came safely and in good health. Her external appearance bespeaks the true cocker; her body and coat would be hard to improve; her legs are such legs as I would make to order, and she is remarkably well-feathered for her age. I can, however, best express my idea of how she pleases me by saying, 'I should like to own such a specimen myself,' " and subsequently by his offering some suggestions as to trading, if lined by Black Prince, his cocker. When Von Culin took her he was to train her and we both understood that and terms were agreed upon. This

fact is indisputable. My only object in sending her to him was to be trained. She remained with Von Culin until May, when, at my suggestion and his corroboration of such idea, I exhibited her at the W. K. C. Bench Show, in New York, where she was beaten by her half brother, Witch, he having the advantage of age and development. Her defeat there was nothing; it was expected; but Mr. Bestor told my brother at the show that in another year Peg would and could be victorious over any exhibited with her then. I mention this fact to verify the value of the little beast and to account for my interest in her welfare, and my spending money to assure it.

The Spring came and went and June and July rolled along when one day I received a letter from Von Culin telling me of his inability to shoot woodcocks, owing to illness contracted by poison from sumach, or words to that effect. I have been taught to believe good of all men unless the reverse is proved. I implicitly believed Von Culin and *do still*, and ever will think well of my fellow man until evil be evident. So I told him to hold on to her until I went North in September—the early part. Upon reaching Tivoli, on the Hudson, I telegraphed for Peg, and after the lapse of several days she arrived. Having never seen the little thing before, imagine my disgust at beholding a poor, thin, itching cocker, with a horrid hole in her head and much of her hair gone on either side of her tail, and her eyes and ears presenting the appearance of a dog suffering from the initiatory stages of the mange. Her blood, form and color more than delighted me and served only to make me deplore more deeply the filthy malady. To say that I was displeased is but a meagre word to employ to give vent to my anger. I would not have cared so much had I been told of her condition, but such was not the case. Whether intentionally secreted from me or not I do not pretend to say. I was on the point of reshipping her that same evening and nothing but the fear of the dog's not being cured by Von Culin deterred me from doing so. I cooled down though before writing to him and then tried to express myself plainly and forcibly. His reply was that she had not mange, but owing to overfeeding of meat during his absence had contracted this disease, and he was certainly right, as the prescription which he gave me served to benefit her immediately. Having only three weeks sojourn at the North I was obliged to leave soon. But a few days before my departure I sent Peg down to Tarrytown to be lined by Witch, and on my journey home to New Orleans I laid over an hour to see her. I found her at the kennels of Mr. Hoe, who expressed great surprise at her condition, and still more when told where she had contracted this disease, which he much and properly feared would contaminate his beautiful kennels. Anxious to have her lined by Witch I left her there and came South myself. On reaching home, in New Orleans, I heard from Mr. Hoe that she had passed her heat and in reply I begged him to send her to my brother in New York city and he would ship her to New Orleans by steamer. But some obstacle interfered with the latter project, and disgusted at the mangy condition of the brute, my brother (whom V. C. knows personally) sent her back to Tivoli, where she underwent the process of cure again, with stronger hopes of recovery. October having come, and the family about to desert the Hudson for milder climes I ordered Peg sent to Von Culin, and wrote him to cure her or give me a red Irish for her. But the next day another brother at Tivoli wrote me that Peg was being rapidly cured by him; so I revoked my offer to trade and held on to Peg. I heard nothing then for a long time, and disgusted at the entire proceeding, and determined to have Peg with me, I ordered her sent to New Orleans, and paid the expressage, and presented her to Mr. J. A. Peniston, an enthusiastic admirer of dogs and ardent sportsman, who still owns her and is very proud of her.

Mr. Von Culin says she was a natural retriever—retrieved before he got her in September, 1876. If so, and I doubt him not, then still less the credit deserved by him for developing, or fostering rather, a talent—inmate, too, as he says 'twas—especially aided by his irresistible (?) spike collars and the youth of the subject! *For she was no retriever when sent to me in September after nine months' subjection to the wonderful collar!* Sometimes she would bring a glove, many more times not. Once she brought a dead bird, a hundred times not. Occasionally she obeyed, usually she would not. Always she displayed extraordinary intelligence, and was easily taught I saw.

I did not intend to say in my last letter that Von Culin returned her to me as broken, but I do say that he erred when he called her a retriever—a reliable, decent retriever, I mean—or else his ideas of a retriever are at great variance with mine. She was not a retriever, nor was she broken; and ample testimony can be offered to sustain my position. But she, Peg, is well now, and due to whelp in April. Look out for her in May at Gilmore's Garden, in New York, and I will try hard to make her prove herself foewoman worthy of Witch, Black Prince or any other at the exhibition. So much for Peg.

In regard to Rascal, the Gordon, Von Culin recalls the identical dog I owned, and the one which boarded with him for a month. But he is gone—ran away. While I was North cleansing the leper Peg, so to speak, Judas Iscariot, the Rascal, left a party who was endeavoring to hunt him. "Misfortunes never come singly 'tis plain," for all my bad luck with dogs was heaped on me at a terrible rate, and thinned my purse sadly. But I would not give \$5 for twenty such sneaks as Rascal was, and that is my opinion of him. He was a retriever though. "How many dogs have I (Sand Snipe) trained?" Well, inasmuch as but 20 Summers have passed over my head, I am free to say not many. But since I was fourteen I have read about dogs and handled them and guns and not meaning to be egotistical I believe I own as fine dogs as any man in America for beauty and utility. And many of them are and have been perfected entirely by my own experience and patience, and the practical applications of knowledge imbibed from the theoretical principles of able authors. My friends at the North and here oftentimes send for me to consult my opinion before purchasing a dog or when purchased, my advice as to qualities. Only recently I received a polite letter from a sportsman begging me to allow him to suggest in point my name as a judge at bench shows. With thanks I declined his interest in my behalf, basing my grounds for refusal upon extreme youth for such a duty, and hesitancy, therefore, to incur too much notice in sporting circles for a year or two to come.

I yield, however, to no man in capability to pass upon a dog's merits, and am ever willing to uphold every word I write, either publicly or privately. And begging pardon for length, I only say I write in the best temper, not meaning to stir strife nor provoke incensed replies. I mention facts. Though above an assumed name, many know me, and if not can easily ascertain who the "youngster" is that signs himself SAND SNIPES.

Dogs' Tales for the Young.

BY F.

Dash was a liver-colored, medium-sized, rat-tailed spaniel. His ears were remarkably long and beautifully set on as finely a shaped head as ever was on a dog. His pedigree I had not. His dam was stolen from an emigrant packet, and was in whelp at the time. When the whelps were about two weeks old the dam died, and I took one of them and raised it by hand. As a

scholar he was remarkably apt. From a puppy he seemed to understand every word said to him. My mother was quite hard of hearing, and Dash seemed to know it. He would never leave the home in the morning until the milkman had been there and mother had got the milk, then he would go and have his play like any other dog. One day the milkman asked my mother "how it was she came out so regularly for the milk, when she could not hear his bell?" She said "Dash told her he was there." He would lie in the room and listen, and when he heard the bell would start for the door, and mother would start for the milk pail, and he was always on hand to receive his saucer of milk as reward.

About the house he was as good as a ten-year old boy, and would do as many chores. If I wished to black my boots, I would tell Dash to go fetch me the blacking and brush; if I wished to brush my clothes I would tell Dash to go get the brush broom, and he would fetch them every time. If I was on the premises and mother wanted me, she would call Dash and tell him to call me, and he would let me know I was wanted. We used to talk to him just the same as if a human being.

I used to have sport with him in sending him to steal articles from the store of a friend. I would go to the store with him and call his attention to some article, then go home, and in an hour or half a day afterward would open the gate and tell Dash to go get that article at the store. Off he would start and fetch it; then I would take it back next time I went to the store.

Dash would laugh as heartily as any person, or wink one eye if told to. He was a splendid field dog and beautiful retriever. One day my canary got out of the cage into the street; I sent Dash after it and he caught it on the fly, and brought it to me without hurting it in the least. I put it in the cage and it began singing at once. He was a great visitor, would call upon three or four of his friends regularly, and sometimes stay all day. One of his friends lived about a mile from my home, and sometimes when I wanted him to go gunning he would be visiting, and I would have to rely upon a friend for a dog. One day I told a son of this friend to whip him and send him home the next time he came to his house. He did so, and shortly afterwards went to sea and was gone over two years. In the meantime my parents died and I boarded. One day, after my friend's return from sea, he was passing my boarding house and saw Dash on the stoop. He spoke to him and Dash growled at him and would have nothing to do with him. He had not forgotten the whipping. He was a great water dog, would dive to the bottom and fetch up a clam shell every time in five feet of water. Sometimes he would stay under so long I would be on the point of jumping in after him, just as he would make his appearance. He never could get over the death of my parents. He would leave my boarding house and go visiting and stay for days at a time, first to one friend's house then another. Upon one occasion he went into a store with one of his friends who, while talking, laid his gloves upon the counter and came away without them. For quite a distance Dash would run in front of him then back towards the store. Presently it came into the friend's head he had left his gloves. He told Dash to go get them and he did so. A colored person, tramp, or pedlar he never would make friends with or allow on the premises. Dash went the way of all flesh at the age of fourteen years.

Mac was a blue blood Irish setter, imported *in utero*. A friend presented him to me at the age of eighteen months. He told me he was the worst devil he ever saw, and could do nothing with him. He would go down to the brook on the farm and get all wet and muddy, then come up to the house, steal in, and jump upon the bed and roll upon it. I liked his looks and took him. He never had a gun shot over him, and proved to be the worst gun-shy dog I ever saw. I saw he had hunt in him, so I did not despair. I took him out every day for three weeks before he would stand fire. After that I had no trouble to break him, and succeeded in making him the best dog I ever shot over. He was like all other Irish dogs I ever saw, wild as a hawk until you gave him one-half day's hard hunting, then he was all right. He was an inveterate thief, and would steal anything eatable he could. One day I sat down to dinner, and the landlady went to the kitchen to get the roast of beef she had for us, and it was missing. She thought some of us had been playing a trick on her, but on looking out of the window saw Mac making a meal from it in one corner of the yard. She had left the oven door open, and Mac seeing it had helped himself. Another time he jumped upon the table and stole a leg of mutton. We had to do without our roast beef and had a cold dinner, and I stopped at the butcher's next morning and ordered a roast, which made things square with the landlady. He would either jump, dig or chew himself out of any enclosure you put him into. You could not keep him anywhere without chaining him; then there was music night and day. The only way I could get along with him was to let him have his own gait. He had good traits as well as bad. He was very intelligent. I had him broken so he saved me a good many steps in a day's hunt. I could stand in the road or field and send him any distance into a clump, and if there were birds there he would let me know by giving a bark and coming out and waiting further orders. He was staunch as a rock, and would stand a bird all day if the bird would lie to him. I hunted him three years in company with a pointer, and never saw one of those dogs take the other's point, but would back each other every time. He would guard anything left in his charge, and allow no stranger to touch it.

One time I was hunting in company with a couple of friends, and at noon we sat down by a beautiful spring, thickly grown about with alders, to lunch. One of my friends was carrying the game bag, which was well filled and quite heavy. He laid it down and Mac lay beside it. When we were through lunching we moved along the outside of the alders, and were some distance from where we came out, when my friend said: "You had better send Mac in here, and perhaps we can start a cock." I looked around but could not see Mac; I whistled and called, but Mac came not. At last I swore (a little) and out came Mac, and laid a ruffed grouse at my feet. Says I to my friend: "You left the game bag." I went back and saw that Mac had tried his best to drag the bag to us, but it became entangled in the brush, and he did the next best thing—stuck his nose in the bag and took out a bird. He jumped upon me, barked, and showed his delight in every way he could, to think we had understood him. I became situated so I could not care for him, so gave him to a friend living on a farm. One day he ran into a mower, and got two toes of fore foot, one hind leg and part of his tail cut off. He still lived, however, for several years. The friend I gave him to owned a large watch dog, which they missed for several days and could not find him. One day they noticed Mac take a bone they had given him under the barn and immediately return. It being unusual for him to do so one of the boys looked under the barn, and there was the lost dog eating the bone, but unable to get out. He had been shot by some scoundrel. It was supposed that Mac had been feeding the poor dog for some days, as he was in good flesh. Mac lived to be very old, and my friend told me he committed suicide by going down to the pond and drowning. It is true he went down to the pond and was drowned; whether he was taken with a fit while in the water, or whether he did it intentionally, I know not.

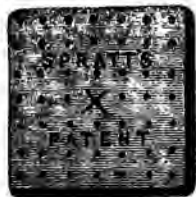
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Of Titicut, Newton, Mount Kennedy, County Wicklow, breeder of the St. Louis Kennel Club's champion Loo II and prize stud dog Sling II. Intends paying a visit to the States early in May, and will bring out some Irish red setters from his own kennel, and will be happy to purchase from other kennels for any gentlemen, and will have the dogs well cared for on their journey out. Should any American sportsman want to import sporting dogs, this will be a good opportunity for doing so. Mr. Nuttall will leave Ireland shortly after the Dublin Dog Show. 9-7-ly

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IN THE STUD.

Having secured the services in the stud of the celebrated dog Gladstone till the 1st of September next, when he will be withdrawn to be fitted for the Nashville Field Trials, his services to a limited number of bitches till that time can be had at my Kennels.
Gladstone is the winner of two prizes at the Nashville Field Trials, and at St. Louis Bench Show he won all the prizes he was entered for including the Champion in the best class ever seen in America.
Leicester is the sire of more field trial winners in America than any other dog.
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Fee for either Gladstone, Leicester or Paris, \$50.
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*These Setters are the Field Trial Breed which will be known in the future as the Llewellyn Setter. 9-6-ly

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Llewellyn's breed. Mr. Purcell Llewellyn has a splendid bitch, own sister to Mr. Arnold Burges' Queen Mab, (by Dan out of Nellie), for sale, aged two and a half years, price one hundred pounds. She has just been served by Prince Royal, 1st prize winner at Agricultural Hall, London. The money for this bitch is sent to the editor of the CHICAGO FIELD, who has full power to sell.
A brace, Laverack breed, both prize winners, and as distantly related as this breed can be bred. Dog aged 2½ years, bitch aged 3½ years. Price of brace \$140.
In each case price includes passage to New York.
Every English setter of imported blood which has won either a 1st, 2d, or 3d prize at American Field Trials has been of Llewellyn's breed, and descended direct from his kennel. Address, G. T. TEASDALE BUCKELL, ESQ., South Ormsby Hall, Alford, England. 9-4-ly

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For Sale, when 8 weeks, puppies by Clason's pure Field Trial dog Royal Duke, winner "best dog bred in America," and other prizes at St. Louis, out of Clason's pure Field Trial bitch Gift, she by Champion Rob Roy, out of Champion Pickles; and also puppies by his Royal Duke, and of his Queen black and tan, she by imported Mar, out of Douglas's "Flora" she out of the late Sir Frederick Bruce's imported Beauty, by Mitchell's Frank. Queen is the dam of "Grand Duke" 2d at Baltimore, 1877, and one of the finest Gordon bitches in America. For further Particulars address, O. E. NORBECK, LaCrosse, Wis. 9-5-ly

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FEES—Rob Roy, \$35; Druid, \$35; Rufus, \$25. Apply to 5-17-ly Arnold Burges, Hillsdale, Mich.

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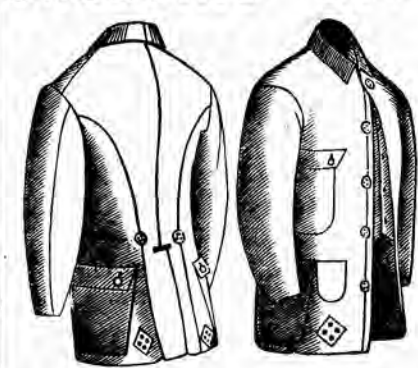
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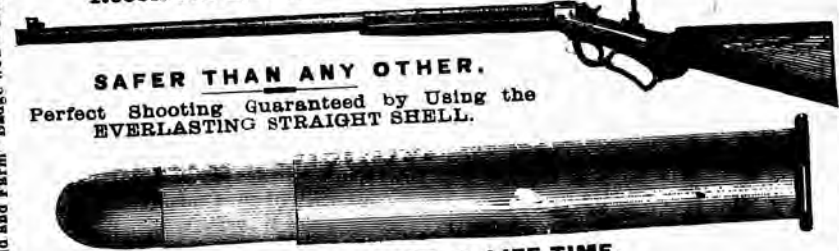


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